

THE AMERICAN

LEGION

MAGAZINE

JUNE 1951

WHY THE NEGRO WON'T BUY COMMUNISM

By Zora Neale Hurston

15¢

The Greatest Cowboy of Them All

By Gene Autry





Sure... AS DEFINED IN THE DICTIONARY

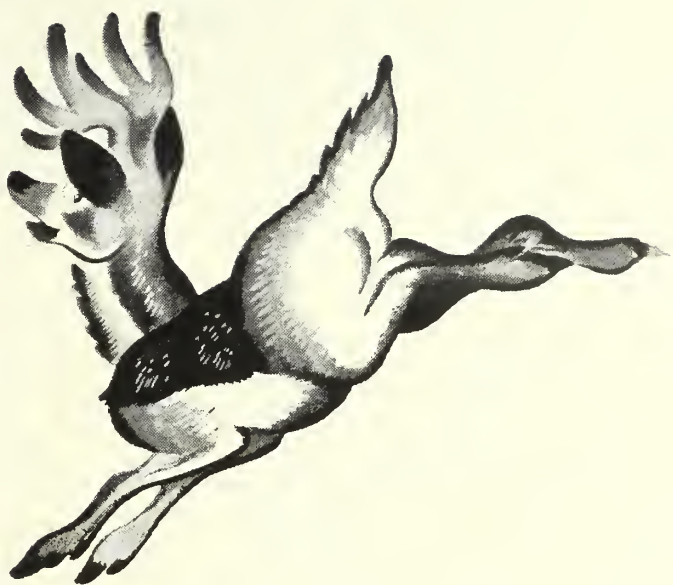
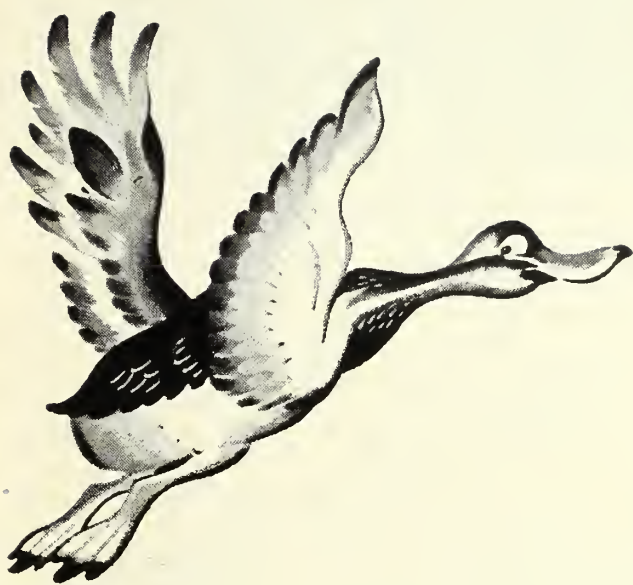
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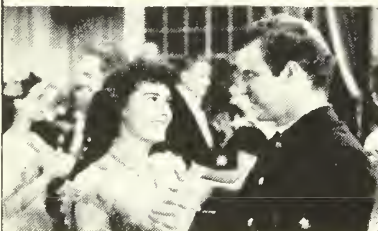
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"THE HOUSE THAT FAITH BUILT"

Here is a dramatic, narrative story of free enterprise and opportunity in America . . . the founding, early growth and recent history of the House of Anheuser-Busch, where Budweiser beer and other world-famous products are made. It is also the romantic story of young Adolphus Busch, and of his vision and determination. Well-known Hollywood cast; running time, 39 minutes; requires 16mm. sound projector. ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC., ST. LOUIS



A founder's faith was backed by enterprise



Adolphus Busch and Lilly Anheuser, his bride

HOW TO GET THE FILM

Your Post may secure a print of this movie without cost except for a nominal transportation charge. Write to:

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NEW YORK CITY 20, NEW YORK

Ask for "THE HOUSE THAT FAITH BUILT"; give the name of your organization and the date you intend to show the film; and the complete address to which the film is to be sent.



The ship on this month's cover is the American Export Line's new *Independence*. Together with her sister ship the *Constitution*, she is an important addition to the American Merchant Marine. Now on passenger runs to Europe and the Mediterranean, the *Independence* is so designed that conversion to a troop carrier can be quickly made.

POSTMASTER: Please send copies returned under labels Form 3579 to Post Office Box 1055, Indianapolis 6, Indiana.

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The American LEGION Magazine

VOL. 50 No. 6



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How to be
Happy
WHILE SHAVING!



Use a Remington *Contour* For the Shave of Your Life!

No wonder the man in the picture looks so happy! His Remington Contour Electric Shaver is the perfect answer to all his shaving problems. No more nicks or cuts! No more fuss or muss! There's no *gift* more useful or more welcome to a man, young or old, for *Father's Day*,

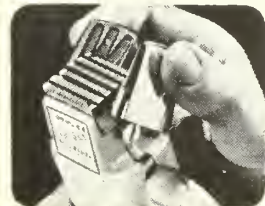
Graduation, Anniversaries, and Birthdays. Watch the smile on his face as he thinks of the years of smooth shaving ahead with the Remington Contour Shaver. It's beautifully packaged—see it today at all fine stores or any of our 112 Nationwide Shaver Headquarters.



Put an end to the time-consuming mess and bother... the annoying nicks and cuts of old-fashioned shaving.



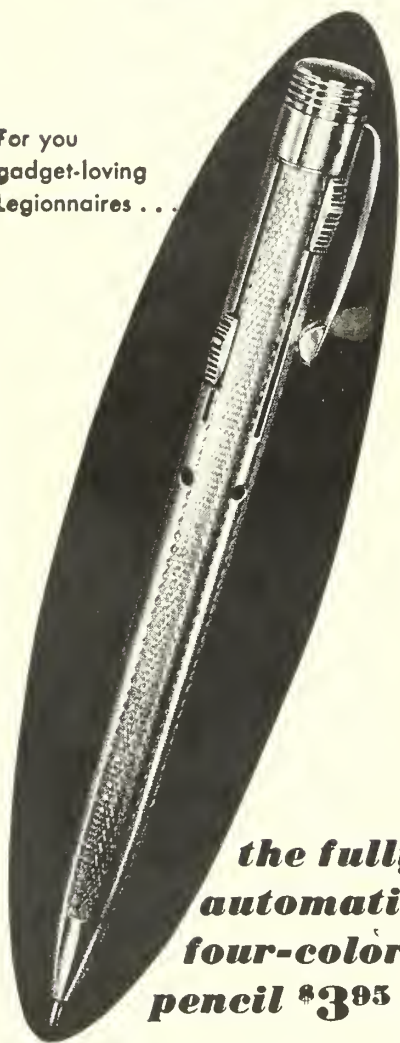
For happy shaving—six diamond-boned heads, arched on a contour to glide smoothly over every type of face.



The only shaver with attached single-hinge hair pocket—swings back for quick, easy cleaning.

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gadget-loving
Legionnaires . . .



**the fully
automatic
four-color
pencil \$3.95**

... imported from England
... shown actual size

The Quartette is a small-sized piece of engineering that you'll respect! You'll have fun using it on the most practical writing jobs. You're writing in red and want to switch to black (who doesn't?) . . . one thumb-flick and you are writing in black. One motion and the first lead is zipped back, stored, and the alternate color is in place! Rhodium-plated case; uses standard leads. Set: pencil and 12 leads—3 red, blue, black, green, \$3.95. 12 extra leads, 25¢ Stationery—First Floor

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item no. and name	quantity	price	total
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Sound Off!



Writers must give name and address. Name withheld if requested. So many letters are being received it is not possible to promise answers. Keep your letters short. Address: Sound Off, The American Legion Magazine, 580 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y.

WHAT CAN BE DONE?

Sir: I would like to know is there any justice for our reserves? What can be done and who can do it? My husband was overseas 34 months last time. He wasn't home five years when he was recalled. We have our own home and two children, one four years and one eight months. He is on his way to Korea now and God only knows how long he will be gone this time. Surely there must be single men who were not overseas last time, who could replace these married men with families.

Mrs. J. R. Deily
Pittsburgh, Pa.

▼ Surely there are single men who took no part in the last war. Meanwhile, Mrs. Deily's husband and many others like him are required to take up arms again. Possibly if the war lasts long enough the people in Washington will get around to the questions raised by Mrs. Deily.

Editors



ANYONE CAN MAKE COFFEE

Sir: Your article on making coffee in the March issue makes me see red. It is insulting to anyone who has made a pot of coffee every day for more than sixty years. To be telling them how to make a cup of coffee now! Everyone is aware of the fact that the coffee we are now getting is not fit to drink—except this Kitty York. So let Kitty York find out why we are unable to get the old brands of coffee we had up to and during World War One. The whole country would like a good cup of coffee, but even the dumbest of the dumb never had to have a college education to know how to make a good cup of coffee.

Harriet Mack
Greenville, N. H.

THE DUMBEST?

Sir: In January the U. S. Government pulled one of the dumbest acts known to mankind. It publicized the fact that it was going to freeze wages and prices within a very short time. This gave everyone time to act. "Eye-brows" and the coal operators got together in less time than it takes an army rumor to circulate among recruits. In Atlanta I went to a super-market on January 25th to see a

friend who is the assistant manager at that store. He explained how they had been working like ants in a honeycomb to get the prices all changed before the "big freeze." The government dallied around until everyone had time to raise prices as high as they dared, and then froze them at that level.

Burton K. Davis
Atlanta, Ga.

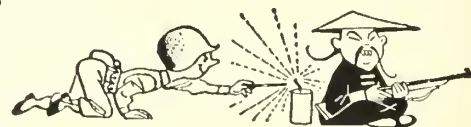
▼ But Mr. Davis will have to admit that the government has rolled back the price of soap chips a penny a box. Editors

MYSTERY DEPT.

Sir: Can anyone explain to me just what kind of lottery or ouija board system is being used to get men into uniform? If a man volunteers they'll take him. Sometimes. But sometimes they won't and then he can't get a job because of his uncertain draft status. One day we read that millions of men are required at once. The next day we read that draft quotas are being cut in half. Yet, the same newspaper tells us that G.I.'s in Korea can look to no rotation because sufficient replacements aren't available. Look up or down any street and you'll see a lot of husky young fellows, too young to have been in WW2 but old enough for service now. At the same time, on almost any street you'll find a home broken up because the father, a WW2 vet, was called back into service. Now they are planning to insulate college students from the unpleasantness of war. Let the lower I.Q.'s serve as G.I.'s. Well, it doesn't take a college degree to understand where the blame lies.

Sam G. Wingfield
New York City

▼ Army Times recently published the estimate that under our present system (?) the chance of a man of military age being called for service was a slim 1-in-10. Editors



FIRECRACKERS MIGHT BE BETTER

Sir: Since we are so afraid we might irritate Russia or China, wouldn't it be a good idea to use blank cartridges in Korea? We've made it clear to them that we are not going to cross the Yalu River or use the atomic bomb, so the use of blank cartridges would also be a great

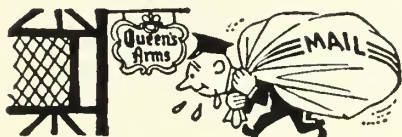
relief to them. Anyway, this suggestion is as sensible as some of the diplomacy we are using. Some countries train their statesmen. We elect ours.

J. O. Mitchell
Baton Rouge, La.

SORE AT STRIKERS

Sir: When are the American people going to realize that nine-tenths of the strikes called in this country for the past twenty years have either been directed by communists or exploited by communists for their own ends? Just how loyal is any American who engages in work stoppages at this time?

L. R. Robinson
Sackets Harbor, N. Y.



MAIL FOR THE QUEENS ARMS

Sir: I recently visited Mr. and Mrs. Higgins of the Queens Arms Pub at Bermondsey, whose letter you published in the February issue. Stacks and stacks of mail they've received from writers all over the good old U.S.A., and more are coming in! The pub is one of the cleanest I've seen anywhere. It's a century and a half old; a quaint and charming little tavern. But surrounding it is devastation—areas flattened by enemy bombs, scarred buildings and hollow houses—Bermondsey certainly got a beating from Jerry.

(Miss) **Bobbie Vernon**
London, England

PITY THE POOR HOODLUMS TOO!

Sir: Your article *Pity the Poor Proletariat!* showing the lush homes owned by commies and fellow travelers is one of the best you've published in a long time. Could you in the near future publish two or more pages showing pictures of the palatial homes of such wealthy characters as "Bottles" Capone, "Willie" Moretti, "Tony" Accardo, "Bugsy" Siegel, Frank Erickson, Joe Adonis, Mickey Cohen, "Scarface" DiGiovanni and Frank Costello?

A Veteran
Moscow, Idaho

▼ **Hoodlums run the reds a close second as a menace to this country, and we are not overlooking them. However, we still have a lot of unused pictures of mansions owned by Stalin-lovers, and we think our readers are interested in the living conditions of certain people who are supported by your movie money, by money you spend for the goods of various radio and TV sponsors, etc.**

Editors

URGENTLY NEEDED FOR KOREA!

Sir: Into our company and various other units comes a real ray of sunshine on fairly frequent occasions—a group of Turkish soldiers who have formed a band which plays American swing music like they've never played anything in their lives. However, they have a problem—

beat-up instruments and a shortage of popular American sheet music. I came up with the idea that a little space in our swell magazine might persuade some of our comrades to send along some instruments or music they might have lying around. It would be a wonderful thing for our Turkish friends and hard fighting U.N. allies. Needed are a piano accordion, a bass drum, a tomtom, an alto sax, tenor sax, bass sax, two trumpets, two snare drums and three clarinets. This is a large order but over here filling large orders is the order of the day, and the Turks really are fighting men and really put out when the chips are down. The Turkish non-com to whom any music or instruments should be sent is Sgt. Fevzi Beceren, Turkish Band, First Turk. Armed Forces Command, APO 5401, Korea.

Sgt. Henry C. Davis
Suwon, Korea

▼ **Can anyone think of a better cause?**
Editors

LIKES IT BETTER NOW

Sir: I used to get *The American Legion Magazine* and promptly into the basket it would go as I did not care to read about whether Bill Jones was a better craps shooter than Joe Smith. I am not interested in reading such things, but of late I do read the magazine for the benefit I get out of the stories. I hope you continue to print material that the whole family can read and enjoy.

Emory C. Williams
Marietta, Ga.

THE VACANCIES ARE ELSEWHERE

Sir: In your March issue on page 37 you say the V.A. is facing a serious shortage in its medical staff. I have offered my services. Quoting from a letter from the V.A. "There is a nation wide shortage of qualified physicians for V.A. facilities, but the vacancies are generally to be found in the more isolated locations rather than in the populated areas." The two statements fail to make sense to me.

Lloyd A. Burrows, M.D.
Anaheim, California



DRAFT BOARDS

Sir: We had a better draft system in WW1 than we had in WW2, when some boards abused their deferment powers. Men were given deferments for jobs which required only a few hours' training, while married men with families in their late 30's had to go. Why? One reason was the granting of deferments to men working in plants that were hoarding manpower. General Hershey was notified of such conditions, but complaints were often routed back to the draft boards in question, and the person who made the complaint was told to mind his own business.

A. T. Raczkowski
Plantsville, Conn.

If you're paying 40¢ or more a quart for motor oil you're entitled to Pennzoil Quality... INSIST ON PENNZOIL!

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"NONE TOUGHER!"



UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED!

Smart motorists demand tough tires these days. And Armstrong tires are so tough they're *unconditionally guaranteed* for 18 months against all road hazards! Exclusive Rhino-Flex construction—plus 38 years' experience in building better passenger, truck and tractor tires—makes this amazing guarantee possible. See your nearby dealer displaying the famous Armstrong "Tuffy". He's a good man to know. *Armstrong Rubber Co., West Haven 16, Conn., Natchez, Miss., Des Moines, Iowa. Export: 20 East 50th Street, New York 22, New York.*

FREE! Valuable, handy combination diary—address book—pocket calendar. Beautiful leatherette. Send for yours today. Hurry! Dept. A-4

ARMSTRONG

Rhino-Flex **TIRES**



WASHINGTON, DEAR WASHINGTON

It's easy to see why our nation's capital is such a busy place. Not long ago we got a letter from Executive Office of the President, National Security Resources Board. Seems that the NSRB was interested in obtaining a copy of the March issue of *The American Legion Magazine*, and this letter was a requisition for it. But not quite a requisition. We were being asked to submit a bid to NSRB. On both pages of the requisition was a rubber-stamped box where it was necessary for us to inform Washington whether we as bidders employed more than 500 people or less than 500. And it was made plain that this was not an order; they just wanted our bid. Not having more than 500 employees around this office, and therefore not equipped to cope with the well-staffed NSRB, we've decided not to enter any bid. We're just sending the folks in the Executive Office of the President, National Security Resources Board, a copy of the March issue with our compliments. On the cover they'll find that the price is 15c and we don't intend to cut the price. (Might get in trouble with the OPS if we did.) They can have it.

MORE AWARDS

The people who head the nation's crime syndicates may be pretty smart apples when it comes to dealing with politicians, they may be clever manipulators of spheres of influence, and of course they are sharpies when it comes to the law. But they don't know beans about public relations, as it is employed in 1951. Take the way the muggs muffed the opportunities presented by the Kefauver investigations. They sweat under the grilling and the TV cameras, and the American public got a pretty good idea of these low-lives. And what did these mobsters do to counteract all this? Nothing, absolutely nothing! The mobs didn't set up an Academy, a Foundation or a Council to make any awards to these characters either before or after the Kefauver Committee went to work on them. Now the public is going to keep on thinking that the various punks they saw on the television screen are nothing but punks.

WHO'S NEXT?

In view of an almost stock phrase that we keep reading in the papers, it wouldn't surprise us to find, any day now, the following statement by Josef Stalin:

"I am not a communist, have never been a communist and don't believe in communism. Furthermore I don't know any communists and I wouldn't know a communist if I saw one. Also, I have never had any connection with any communist front organizations nor have I ever contributed to such organizations.

If anyone says otherwise he's a war-mongering, reactionary fascist and a tool of Wall Street, and I'll prosecute him to the full extent of the law."

And come to think of it, he'd probably win a verdict. We can't prove Joe has a Party card.

STOP THIEF!

That's the cry of the crook who has just pulled a job, to get people to look the other way. Using the same gag, those master swindlers, the commies, keep yapping "witch hunters, red baiters, reactionaries, tools of Wall Street" at people they don't like. Which includes *The American Legion Magazine*. Of course. Also, so what? What is wrong with hunting out these witches and sons of witches? Why shouldn't they be baited, as they are baiting our soldiers in Korea? Certainly, we intend to keep hunting them and baiting them, that being our reaction to their skulduggery.

NEW LIGHT ON "WAR TWO LIVER"

If you are one of the many vets who suffered a "mysterious" liver disease in War Two which you could not, in the past, get the VA to recognize as a service-connected ailment, it might be well to see the Legion Rehabilitation Officer at your nearest VA Regional Office now.

VA now recognizes that cases of *chronic hepatitis*, sometimes followed by severe liver complications, occurred in considerable numbers during War Two *without* the jaundice that is the usual earmark of hepatitis. As a result, many cases of hepatitis in service went unrecognized.

Some such cases are now traceable to certain early batches of yellow fever inoculations. Where hepatitis complications (including *cirrhosis of the liver*) are found in a man who was inoculated with certain lots of armed forces yellow fever serum, VA may now grant service connection.

Your Legion Rehab Officer knows the kind of evidence needed to establish a claim. Refer him to Rehab Memo—Circular 16,1951.

WAR MOVIES

Somehow it seems as though Hollywood is showing more interest in the war. World War II, that is. Probably on the theory that people didn't want to hear about war, there were few war pictures for a long time after Germany and Japan surrendered. But lately things have been different. To recall a few at random, there was "Twelve O'Clock High" in which the Air Force was featured, the leathernecks were starred in "Halls of Montezuma," the doughfeet were portrayed in "Up Front," and "Breakthrough," and the airborne in "Battleground." Now we're glad to note that another distinguished group of fighters is getting a break in a new film. These fighting men, and there were none better, are the Nisei volunteers of the 442nd who fought through the bloody Italian campaign, and who had a 300 percent casualty record in four months. The movie telling of their exploits, "Go For Broke!", is being presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

A MILLION PEOPLE

have put their money in
the Bell Telephone business

Today, for the first time in the history of the United States, a company is owned by a million people. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company has reached that mark. No other company has half as many owners.

These million men and women owners live in 19,000 communities throughout the United States. They are in cities, towns and on farms and from all walks of life.

Most of them are small stockholders. More than half are women. Over 350,000 have held their stock for ten years or longer. Some 200,000 are telephone employees and thousands more are buying the stock under the Employee Stock Plan. About one family in every forty-five in the United States is now an owner of A. T. & T.

You can see that many, many people have a stake in the telephone business. It's their savings that have helped to give this country the most and the best telephone service in the world. Important in peace, the telephone is vital in time of national emergency.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



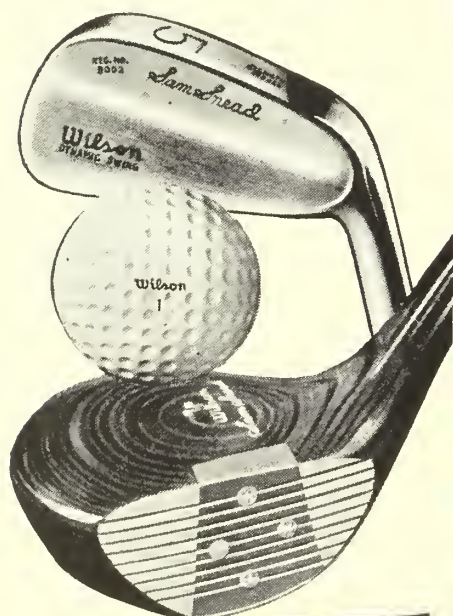


Sam Snead, golf's 1950 leading money winner and a member of the famous Wilson Advisory Staff, says: "Play Wilson and you play the finest." Slammin' Sam plays Wilson golf clubs and balls exclusively.

PLAY THE WINNING COMBINATION!

For that winning edge, there's one outstanding combination—Wilson Strata-Bloc wood clubs, Wilson Precision-Built irons, and Wilson Top Notch or K-28 golf balls. There's no better proof of the *plus* performance of Wilson equipment than the fact that *more major golf tournaments were won with Wilson clubs and balls in 1950 than with all other makes combined.*

WILSON SPORTING GOODS CO., CHICAGO
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IT'S **Wilson**
TODAY IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT



PRODUCTS PARADE

A sampling of items which are in process of development or are coming on the market. Mention of products in no way constitutes an endorsement of them, since in most cases they are described as represented by manufacturers.



Creases Made Easy

Unless you prefer baggy trousers you'll be interested in a simple and practical hanger which spreads with firm, even tension the creases at each cuff. Called Holdapres, the hanger has metal tabs that are slipped into the trouser legs, gripping them with spring tension. A swivel hook is provided for hanging, and the weight of the pants does the rest. Made by Holdapres, 2506 W. 8th St., Los Angeles, Calif., the gadget sells for \$1.00 postpaid.

If You Have a Book

For collectors or those who have books they value, Elmer H. Busdiecker, 6204 Ira Avenue, Cleveland 2, makes a transparent Plexiglas slip case sized to fit. Each is a permanent hard case, with a slide on the fore edge to close it against dust. The price is \$3.00 and up depending on size, and the manufacturer guarantees a perfect fit when exact length, width and thickness in inches are given.



Want to Grow?

Things, that is. If so, you may like an idea advanced by the Stanton Co., of Holland, Mich., growers of hybrid tomato plants and seeds. Twice as many plants can be grown in a given space by means of the Stanton process which uses Vinylite plastic film extensively in the form of bags, coverings and linings. The process

also protects tiny seedlings, keeps roots untangled, facilitates controlled plant feeding, simplifies the changing of crops and keeps work areas sanitary and maintenance costs low. For instance, bags of the plastic are used instead of bulky, breakable pots, and through openings in the bags the plants absorb chemical nourishment and water. Boxes, trenches and tanks lined with the plastic can be easily cleaned and handled. Information and bags, linings, etc., can be had from the Stanton Co.



Stops Flying Carpets

At some time or other everyone has had a rug skid out from under him, sometimes with serious results. Now there is a new product that will keep the rug where it belongs, on the floor. It's a powder called No-Slip, and it's simply sprinkled on the back of the rug. According to the manufacturer it is harmless to rugs or floors, and is stainless and non-poisonous. Offered by the No-Slip Co., Box 813, Des Moines, Iowa, it sells for \$1.00 a can postpaid.

Refrigerator Bag

For picnics, camping trips or just shopping (now that frozen foods are so popular), you may find a new bag interesting. Made by Walteo Products, 2300 W. 49th St., Chicago, the Thermo Bag will keep hot things hot and cold things cold for many hours. According to the manufacturer, tests made with 5 pounds of ice in the bag and outdoor temperature at 80 degrees, showed a constant temperature of 34 degrees for 30 hours. It is 18 by 22 inches with a full zipper opening at the top. All seams are electronically welded. Insulation is Fiberglas and the outer bag is alligator pressed plastic. The price is \$7.50. A smaller size sells for \$3.95.

When writing to manufacturers concerning items described here kindly mention that you read about them in The American Legion Magazine



*There's only One
favorite!*

Field dog or fireside companion — pedigreed champion or "just plain dog" — every man has his own favorite — the one pet he prizes above all others. In beer, too, there's only one favorite . . . and to many, that favorite is
Miller High Life — National champion of quality!
Brewed and bottled by the Miller Brewing Company only —
and only in Milwaukee, Wisconsin

The logo for Miller High Life, featuring the word "Miller" in a red, cursive script and "HIGH LIFE" in a yellow, bold, serif font, both set against a dark, textured background.

The Champagne of Bottle Beer



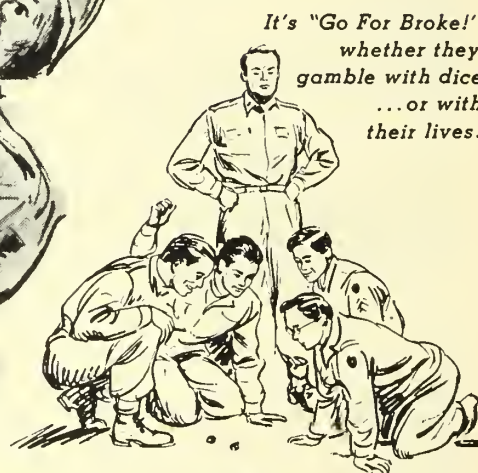
You went for
"BATTLEGROUND"... and...



"They made
the pants
too long!"



It was a
talented
musical
outfit.



It's "Go For Broke!"
whether they
gamble with dice
...or with
their lives!



Objective
within sight!

...you'll go for
**GO FOR
BROKE!**



...means
"Shoot The
Works!"

STARRING

VAN JOHNSON AND THE **HEROES OF THE 442ND REGIMENTAL COMBAT TEAM**

FROM **M-G-M** • WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY **ROBERT PIROSH** • PRODUCED BY **DORE SCHARY** A METRO GOLDWYN MAYER PICTURE

THE MAN WHO DESERVED DEATH

General MacDonald was sure that the command
"Fire!" would disclose which member of his staff had
been feeding information to the enemy



By JEREMEY H. GRIFFITH

BEFORE YOU reach the end of my tale you will understand why the identities of the persons concerned must be carefully concealed, and why even the names of places must be disguised. The General sent in a report that listed the man involved "killed in action," and some pretty fine as well as important people would feel crushed if I told you his name. But I can tell you the truth of the affair even with pseudonyms and an altered background, and that is what you will get. Perhaps some day, when all concerned are dead, an enterprising researcher will dig it out, names and all. But even so he could add only the trimmings. I can give you the essential story now, for I was there.

When, after dark, what was left of our

Division finally made camp on the west bank of the Mekong, I felt so tired I was numb. Our "Old Man," Major General Donald MacDonald, looked fresher than any of the staff, though God knows he had been pushing himself without mercy. He had done a masterly job of getting us over the river. Thirty minutes longer would have been too late.

We had been taking a steady beating for six days. The enemy commander, I thought, must be another Napoleon. He seemed always to guess exactly what we would do next. He had been flanking us now for a week with uncanny precision, as well as taking some of us daily in murderous traps. He wouldn't stand and fight, even though he outnumbered us, but whittled us down a little every day, and daily he pushed us back.



I HEARD someone stumbling near me. A figure passed within fifteen feet. It was Wood.

(continued)

The Man Who Deserved Death

I knew enough of the strategic picture to see that if our force could be put out of action, our side's whole campaign would crumble. It might mean even worse things than that.

After we had eaten our cold rations, the staff assembled in the native shack we were using as Headquarters. Our position was blacked out, of course, and on my way to the meeting I stepped around or over men spent to the point of exhaustion sleeping where they could under trees or in the long green grass. The summer night was soft, and the constellations overhead shone with a misty brightness. I paused for a moment to watch them, as I suppose men have always done when their own troubles seem too big for them. In that moment war seemed incredible and distant, except for the occasional flat crack of a sniper's rifle.

I was the last one in. General MacDonald and the other four surviving of the staff, stood around a table, studying a map spread on it in the light of an electric lantern. I thought of the others who had been there this time last week: Roberts, Wetzel and Kramer were lying quietly somewhere tonight. I wondered why almost everybody imagines that staff officers have a snap. As I came in, the Old Man nodded briefly without looking up, "Good evening, Captain MacIan." I joined the group around the table.

Beside me was Major Nevers, his left hand in a dirty bandage, still a little fat, but a good campaigner. His face was placid, but his eyes, which usually crinkled humorously, were

dead serious now. His uniform was torn, and my mind went back to the impeccably dressed man he used to be at home, when he was the bonvivant and best raconteur of the old Division.

Colonel Detrick, Chief of Staff, stood at the General's right. He was a martinet, stiff as a ramrod inside and out, and the rest of us hated his guts. But we had to admit he was good.

At the General's left was Captain Hilliard, even now in his chronic devil-may-care mood. He was what used to be called a "dashing young officer." He had an eye for the ladies — any ladies — and the feeling was usually mutual. He wasn't a man's man, yet it was impossible not to like him, even if he *was* so damned handsome. He was our communications officer.

Lieutenant Wood was the last of the

depleted staff. He had come up about a month before, and none of us knew him very well. He was a shy, tall boy of about twenty-seven. He always did exactly as he was told, and did it well, though he was so painfully conscientious it made him — and us — nervous most of the time.

General MacDonald pointed with a pencil to a spot on the map, and went on grimly:

"This, gentlemen, is our present position. You all know where we were this morning." His jaw was grim and his voice matched it. He had a right to be grim. "Our position is defensively strong — for tonight only. The enemy can cross the river above or below. Two lines of retreat are open. We can proceed by this northern road — if one could call it a road — or by this — to the south. They rejoin — there." He traced two lines on the map while we bent over to look. "The north road is less open to flanking — unless the enemy guesses our intention and moves tonight. We shall take that risk. We move

THE GENERAL was grim as he traced two lines on the map and explained the risk.





ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN McDERMOTT

on the north road in the morning, at 0600. Are there questions?"

There were, a few. But they were routine queries only. The staff had learned never to argue with General MacDonald. His mind was a steel trap and his will as hard as his lean body.

Just before we separated to go on our various missions, he said, "I want you all back here, gentlemen, precisely at 2130. And, before you go, please deposit your sidearms for inspection."

Anywhere else, with any other superior, we would have been startled. But even in the middle of a situation like ours, our Old Man was a bearcat on keeping his officers checked up, and this was one of the particular stunts he had pulled before. The most famous of his tricks, and one which sent laughter rippling through all the Services, was of course the time he ordered his regimental officers to a sudden pistol-shooting competition. Not one target was punctured that day, as every pistol clicked harmlessly. Thereupon the Old Man — he was a colonel then — had them empty their magazines, to find that each was filled with a clip of dummy ammunition, put there when they were away from quarters. The men who were on the receiving end of his blistering remarks that day never forgot, and every officer who later served under him had heard the story. He still carried around with him, wherever he went, displayed in a conspicuous place as a sort of symbol, a small box of dummy clips, and its meaning wasn't lost on us.

After we had laid our pistols on the table, saluted and left, Jim Nevers and I moved away from the shack together. We were old friends. The ground was uneven, and our shoulders bumped companionably in the dark.

"You know, Mac," he said in a low voice, "there's something damned queer going on. Here we are, pushed nearly a hundred miles in a week.

They don't engage us, they just keep flanking, always flanking, nudging us back. If they get us tomorrow, from the south —"

"We'll be caught with our britches down," I agreed. "No base. No line of retreat. Mountains on both sides."

"It's uncanny, Mac." He put his good hand on my shoulder, and we stopped. "It's not air observation — we know that. They have damn little they can use here, and you know what we have left." He expelled a bitter, small laugh. "But no matter how smart those blasters are, how can they guess right every time? Fifty percent, sure, that's the good old law of averages. Maybe even seventy-five. That's luck. But a hundred percent! No, Mac."

"Well—" I said. "I've thought the same thing. But—"

"But what, Mac?"

"If they have somebody with us, it would have to be an officer."

"Bright boy," said Jim. "An officer who needs catching."

"The Old Man—"

"Is almost as bright as we are," said Jim dryly. He moved away in the darkness, murmuring, "So long, fella." I stood watching him, and thought of what a swell friend he had always been.

At 2130 we all assembled again in the Headquarters shack. The General handed us back our sidearms without comment. It felt good to buckle mine back on.

The Old Man looked grimmer than ever as we faced him across the table. He looked us up and down, one by one, without speaking, until the silence was so painful I wanted to yell.

"Gentlemen," he said at last, "I have called you together because I have a disagreeable duty to perform." He paused. "You all know what this last

week has been. Tonight our situation is precarious. Tomorrow it may be desperate."

I was puzzled. Surely, he wasn't trying to pass the buck. That was crazy, and anyhow it wasn't like him. I saw young Wood wetting his lips. I thought, *maybe the kid thinks he's going to be busted*. Then the General tossed in his grenade.

"I shall not waste words, gentlemen. It is obvious that the enemy has acted with full knowledge of our day-to-day intentions. No other conclusion is possible. And" — his blue eyes were icy and bleak as he searched our faces —

"he has received intelligence of our intentions soon after orders are issued. I have no idea how the contact is made, but his actions prove it." He paused again.

"That clears the regimental commanders and their officers," he said quietly, and waited for the meaning of his words to sink in.

The precise, clipped voice of Colonel Detrick broke the silence.

"I take it the General is intimating a leak from within his staff."

"I'd not call it a leak, Colonel."

That set them back on their heels when they got it. I looked up and saw Jim. He caught my eye and gave me a slow wink. You could tell from the others' faces exactly what they were thinking, as they began to give furtive, sidelong glances at each other, wondering who it was. My mind jumped to Hilliard, thinking one word: *Communications*. He had the opportunity, at least, in a way nobody else did. The thought must have occurred to him as soon as it did to the rest of us. When he spoke his eyes were slits, his face white and each word was razor-edged.

"If the General implies that the communications officer of this Command has given information to the enemy, then the General lies!"

I had seen (*Continued on page 46*)



THIS PRESENT hassling over the American Negro is just some more of an old soup-bone warmed over.

WHY THE NEGRO WON'T BUY COMMUNISM

Despite the high-pressure selling of the Paul Robesons, the Benjamin Davis's and the Howard Fast's, the American Negro is too smart to fall for Joe Stalin's brand of up-to-date slavery

By ZORA NEALE HURSTON

THE AMERICAN communist party held a convention in New York recently. Henry Winston, a Negro, and organizational secretary, got up and fervently preached a crusade to sweep the American Negro into the party wholesale.

Then in recent days our attention is called to The Peace Information Center and its Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, a negro, indicted by the Dept. of Justice, and now changed into the American

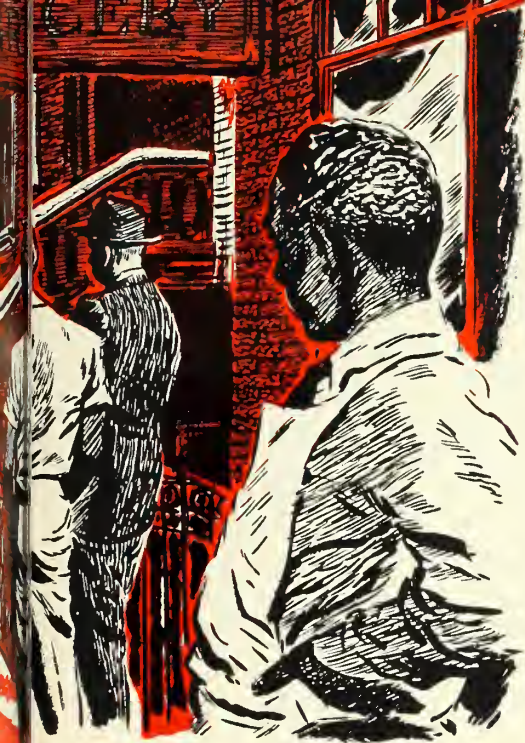
Peace Crusade, called the most important pro-Soviet offensive in America.

This dove-tails right in with other observations. The experts who watch communist strategy point out that the reds are now beginning a rather important drive to build up their Negro membership. They give two reasons for this. First, the commies hope to lump the American Negro in with all the other colored peoples of the world, so that we will feel that if we fight

against the North Koreans, or Mao's hordes, we will be acting against our own best interest. That all colored people of the world must hang together against the whites.

Second stanza: Since Negroes, like all other workers, will be increasingly important in defense industry, the communists hope and pray to use us to do their dirty work in the way of sabotage and espionage. It can easily be seen that they do not think very highly of us and our character by that.

So, the current party line is to muss us up in every way. Even to observing Negro History Week. If, as and when the eleven red leaders go on to jail, it is reported that four Negroes will be among those who will succeed them. Not long ago, Howard Fast had to eat crow for four columns in the *Daily Worker*. It seems that he had made a slighting remark about Lt. Gilbert, the Negro who was found guilty by court-martial in Korea. Fast had said that Gilbert had no business to be fighting in Korea in the first



ILLUSTRATED BY DOM LUPO

led a group of some twenty-odd Negroes to this same Russia. It was beginning to look like a trend. The rumor was that these people had been selected to produce Negro plays in the Soviet Union. But among them there was no director, no playwright, no nothing theatrical. Just an oddment of young Negroes at loose ends. So when I asked questions, I was told that the Kremlin was extremely interested in the American Negro. The communists wanted to be our kissing-friends.

I was very interested to know just why they were grinning up into our faces. The press of the world was reporting actual starvation and nakedness in parts of Russia. So I knew that there was some kind of a bug under that chip when I was told that the "People" of the Soviet Union were terribly distressed over the "horrible conditions" existing among the American Negroes. That just did not sound natural to me. People who are hungry and cold just do not worry about things like that thousands of miles away.

Yet and still, my informants gleamed and glowed as they told me how the Russians fairly vomited a thing like race prejudice, and meant to come to our rescue. In fact, Russia was the sworn champion of *all* the darker peoples of the world. And in particular, we American Negroes were so downtrodden, they deeply pitied our case.

Right then and there they lost one black sheep. I was poor, but I certainly did not feel pitiful. But anyhow,

I wanted information, so I asked just what Russia *could* do, even if our condition had been as they claimed. I just could not conceive of Uncle Sam letting Stalin sit in on, say, a Cabinet session, nor presiding over the Senate and swinging votes. I tried hard to visualize armed Russians invading our Georgia and dealing with a mob that had been a little hasty with a brother in black.

So what the hen-fire could Russia do for us? And why did we look so valuable to Stalin? Numerically, we were a scanty tenth of the population of the United States. We did not sit in on the policy-making bodies of Government. We had no control whatsoever over the Armed Forces of the nation. Compared to the vast wealth of the nation, economically, we did not weigh too much. Nor were we overcrowded with technicians and scholars. So why did the communists want us so badly?

From reading, listening closely in silence and watching things, I discovered our peculiar value to Soviet Russia. I soon saw that they did not love us just because our skins were black. The USSR was bent on world conquest through Asia. They saw in us a shoe-string with which they hoped to win a tan-yard. A dumb, but useful tool.

In spite of the world brotherhood propaganda, it was obvious that Soviet Russia was bent on carrying out the Czarist Russian plans to be masters of Asia. Once they had had a toe-hold in China, but had been expelled from there early (Continued on page 55)

place, but for fear that might frighten off some Negroes, even that much was counter to the new party line. So he had to beat his breast resoundingly and whine that he was guilty of "white chauvinism." The American Negro's feelings simply must not be hurt-ed.

This present hassling over the American Negro is just some more of an old soup-bone warmed over. Common meter, Brother Peter. It has been around twenty-five years since certain Negroes of my acquaintance picked up their doll-rags and headed for Russia. The very first I heard of was Wayland Rudd, a minor actor. Then William Patterson, a Harlem lawyer, the Goode brothers, and later Paul Robeson, who at that time was the idol of the American public. At the time, Russia seemed like an odd kind of a place for a pleasure visit, but otherwise, I paid the matter no mind.

My active curiosity was aroused when around 1930, Langston Hughes and Louise Thompson

THE REDS jump in with both feet wherever they can stir up trouble. Here a mob agitates the Scottsboro Case. Their trouble-making never helps the Negro, but that is their aim.



NO DISCUSSION OF COMMUNISM AND THE NEGRO IS COMPLETE WITHOUT MENTION OF THESE CHARACTERS



Paul Robeson
Propagandist who
used to sing.



Henry Winston
Big red wheel
found guilty.



Benjamin Davis
also known as
"Poor Ben."



Dr. W. E. B. DuBois
Got in trouble
selling red peace.



Langston Hughes
Author of
"Goodbye Christ."



Howard Fast
Ate four columns
of crow.

The Greatest Cowboy of Them All

This is a hit parade of fearless straight-shooters of the silver screen since the time of Bronco Billy, as described by one of them. See if Gene's candidate is yours.

By GENE AUTRY



Gene Autry and Champion

THE WHOLE junior population and a heap of adults seem to be cowboy crazy today. Some say it's because of television, but whatever the reason I've got no cause for complaint. I only wish there was another cowboy around today to share in all this public interest — a man who I think was the greatest cowboy of them all.

Now in picking this greatest of cowboys I'm going to play it safe and skip over today's ten-gallon tycoons. That way I'll keep at least 15,000,000 kids off my hide. Let some foolhardy future horse opera historian judge the current crop when I'm tethered with Champion in the Ol' Corral.

As it is I'm liable to alienate some of my fans who were kids twenty or thirty years ago. Many of them probably idolized horse wranglers other than the one of my choice, and once a fellow picks a cowboy hero it would take a cattle stampede to change his loyalty. I know, because I was lucky enough to be a kid when a really great bunch of two-fisted, hard-riding cowpokes used to gallop across the screen. When it came to trick riding, sharp-

shooting, lassoing, taming berserk broncs or wrestling atom-charged steers, most of yesterday's saddle stalwarts would make me and my contemporaries look like tenderfeet. Trying to pick the best of these old-time top-notchers is quite a chore, and I know I'm not likely to find everybody agreeing with me.

Western pictures fall into four periods. The first I call the Wild and Woolly era. It began in 1903 when Edwin Porter starred in "The Great Train Robbery." By 1910, "Bronco Billy" Anderson was a major western star. His "bronco" was a wooden studio horse on which he bounced in front of a moving painted landscape.

Harry Carey, William and Dustin Farnum, William S. Hart and Tom Mix, all started in movies during this period. Harry Carey and William Farnum, two fine gentlemen, were excellent actors and gave class to Westerns and helped many of us young 'uns.

Bill Hart was the first really great cowboy star. He entered pictures in 1914 and by 1922 he was drawing down \$10,000 a week, the highest pay in Hollywood up to that time. A stern-faced, cold-eyed man, he rode a horse magnificently, could shoot expertly and lasso like a gaucho.

These actors brought about the second era — the Great Silent He-Men, when the accent was on epic and action. It lasted from 1915 to about 1927. In 1923, it took a turn for the better when the great film "The Covered Wagon" gave scope to Westerns.

The Golden Era of Westerns ended with the coming of sound pictures in

LONG BEFORE TV, AND BEFORE



NOT MANY cowboys can handle guns that-a-way, but Bronco Billy Anderson was unique, as many evildoers found out.

1927. At the beginning of the sound era, talkies were only made indoors and since it was foolish to try to make realistic action pictures in a barn, Westerns faded. When production of sound films was developed to the point where they could take advantage of the great outdoors, the third era of Westerns began — the one I call Sound and Fury.

A new bunch of youngsters appeared on the scene: Ken Maynard, whom I consider one of the greatest trick riders, and who ironically became known as "the last of the cowboys," as Westerns entered their second eclipse around 1932; comical Hoot Gibson, once winner of the Pendleton Roundup and, to my mind, the best all-around cowboy; and Fred Thompson, a good horseman and excellent scrapper, who was popular with the ladies as well as



WHENEVER a bad man ran



afoul of Tom Mix he eventually ended up parallel, like this gent on the bar-room floor.

THE MOVIES SPOKE, AUDIENCES THRILLED TO THESE HE-MEN.



NOT MANY people recall the flicker "Three Word Brand" but who can forget William S. Hart, hero of an earlier generation.



THERE may have been better cowboys than Will Rogers, but none was bigger-hearted.



THAT LOOK on Harry Carey's face means that some villain is going to get it.



THERE WAS drammer aplenty in Dustin Farnum's famous portrayal of "The Virginian."

boys and men. I think Thompson would have topped them all if he hadn't died suddenly just as he was hitting his stride.

If I were to choose the number one cowboy strictly for personal affection, I'd pick Will Rogers, one of the first great stars of the talkies. It was Will, after all, who gave me my start in show business. Ol' Will was a fine, humane character whom everybody loved. He was more a philosopher and character actor than an action cowboy, yet he was one of the greatest rope wizards.

A lull in Westerns occurred during World War II. Most of the Westerns' stars, including myself, went into service and folks became interested in serious pictures. But at the end of the war the old cowboy fever started up again, and TV really put us back in

the chips. We are now in the fourth era — Video, Vicious and Vengeance, you might label it. So far it hasn't made any new stars. But it has brought back Hoot Gibson, Johnny Mack Brown and Col. Tim McCoy. Television pulled Hoppy (Bill Boyd) out of the sticks and put him in big-time, the kind of Horatio Alger success story that so typifies America. And Roy Rogers and I, still the only two crooning cowboys, certainly have benefited a lot from this wonderful new medium.

But as far as I'm concerned, the number one candidate for the Cowboy Hall of Fame is the incomparable Tom Mix.

One measure of Tom Mix's stature was that he had over 10,000 fan clubs with more than a million members all

over the world. He starred in 170 pictures in 24 years, a mighty impressive record. He earned over \$6,000,000 during his film career, a record no movie actor before or since has approached from acting alone. No one, either, has topped his steady weekly salary of \$17,500 a week—and this in the days when a dollar was worth a dollar.

Tom Mix was an all-around performer who could be counted on to give a lively show of action in every film. He rarely used a double for fights or dangerous stunts. He acted on the screen the same way he did in real life—aggressively, fast-



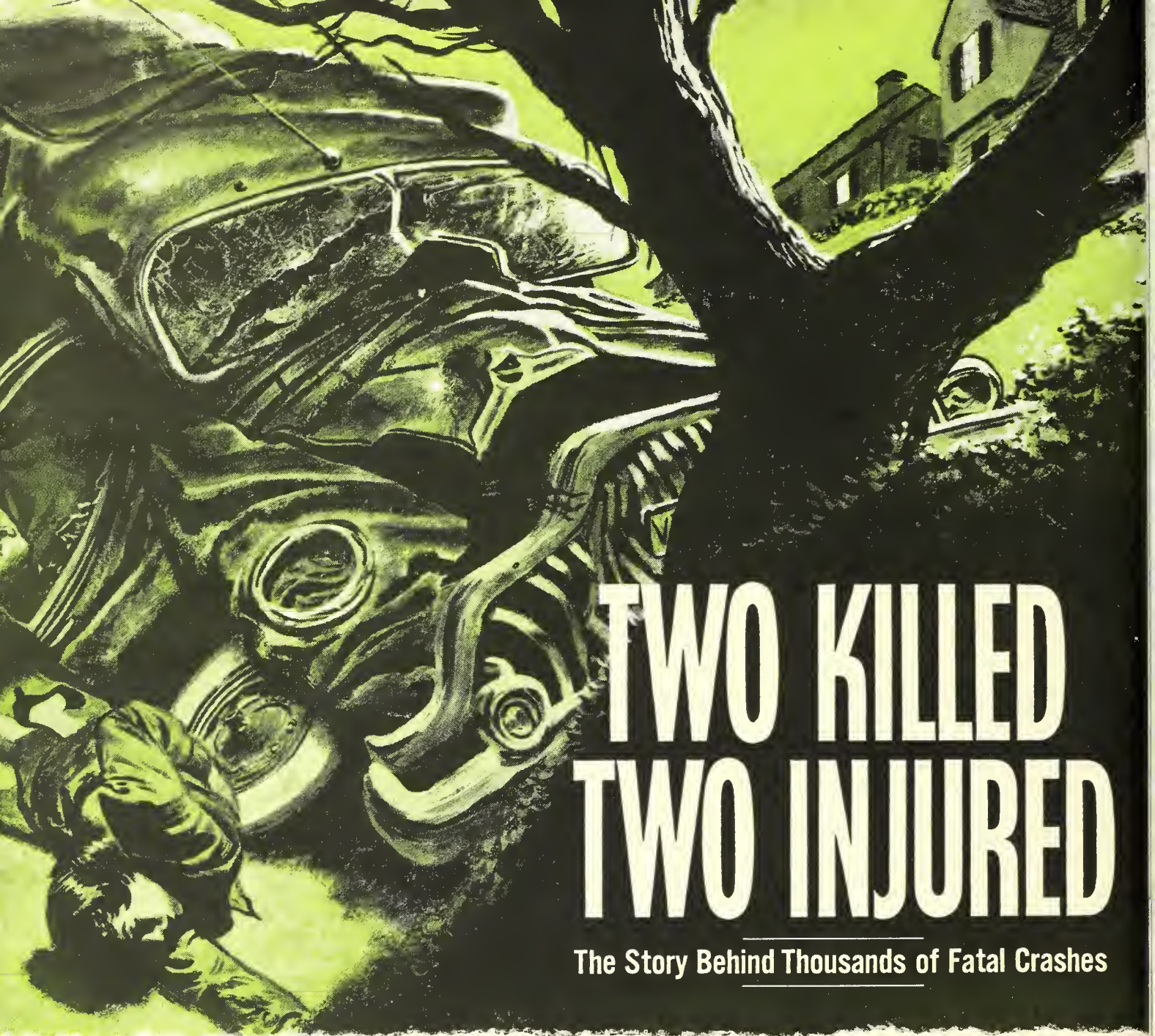
THAT THAR feller with the six-gun is Bill Boyd, now better known as Hopalong Cassidy. The villain is Clark Gable. It all happened years ago.

moving and fearless to the point of foolishness. He thought nothing of riding a team of horses with his legs wrapped around a wagon tongue, jumping off a cliff into a boiling stream, or attacking a bunch of wolves single-handed.

Consequently, he was the most broken up and punctured man in Hollywood. At one count, he figured he'd had 156 stitches, 23 broken and cracked ribs, and five broken legs! His right arm had been broken in five places, his left arm in three, and he had more fractured fingers and toes than he could count. Add to these a bullet through his mouth; being scalped by an exploded shell; three bullets in his hide and an uncounted mess of buckshot. Talk about cats and their nine lives!

When I was (Continued on page 43)

PHOTOS BY CULVER SERVICE



TWO KILLED TWO INJURED

The Story Behind Thousands of Fatal Crashes

AS THE SHATTERING echoes died down, lights in houses were turned on and people came running.

By IRENE
CORBALLY KUHN

THIS IS, frankly, a horror story. It is a true story, however, except the names, disguised to spare further pain. It is the account of an automobile accident which brought almost instantaneous death to a boy and a girl, and serious injuries to two more. It is a story that you read about almost every day in your newspaper, under the familiar headline **TWO KILLED, TWO INJURED**, but this account tells more. It's the story your newspaper does not print.

This is the story of twenty-odd people whose lives were directly affected, and in some cases disrupted, by this accident. It's the story of the way the crash affected an entire town. It describes the aftermath of that accident in dollars-

and-cents costs that can be reckoned; and of intangibles which cannot be computed.

It could be *your* story, or the story of your next door neighbors, or of anyone in your town, because not a day passes that some group of homes is not darkened by the shadow of sudden death or grievous injury swooping down on its members abroad in traffic. It happened thousands of times last year; it will happen as often or even more frequently this year. Unless, reading this, you pledge that your driving won't send someone—a stranger, a member of your family or even yourself—to a morgue or hospital, and inflict heartbreak and expense on more people than you may realize.

TWO YOUNG MEN and two pretty girls, laughing, joshing 20-year-olds on a mid-September Friday night dancing date, piled into a car shortly after midnight. They'd been at a place their crowd went to all the time—the Rendezvous, they called it. This quartet had grown up together; they'd gone to the same public school and high school. As a matter of fact, the whole crowd was out at the Rendezvous that night. And now the party was breaking up, and twos and fours were getting into cars, slamming doors, yelling good-byes, shouting last minute "see you tomorrows."

Frank Jordan was driving his father's brand-new car and Martha Martin slipped into the seat beside him. Larry Evart and his girl, Grace Albert, got into the rear.

Another couple from the same close-knit crowd was about to squeeze into the back seat when a car with more room slid alongside. They promptly deserted Frank's car for the other. They didn't know it then but God had His arms around them.

The Jordan car rolled out of the driveway onto the road, picked up speed and purred along. Its tires sang as they hugged the road. The kids sang, too. Frank looked at his watch. Twenty minutes to two. Pretty good. He noted that they were at Seneca Road and he turned into Franklin Avenue, a steeply-pitched street in the center of the residential district. In that split second, as the car turned, something happened—what it was no one will ever know. The car went out of control on the hill. Frank fought the wheel, tried desperately with all his young strength to get the car back in line, but to no avail. With a crash that wakened the whole silent, sleeping street, the car smashed head-on into a big tree at the foot of the hill, was folded in on itself as one would turn in the flaps of a cardboard carton or punch in a paper bag full of air. The engine was driven into the car. Jammed between steel and steel were Frank



FEELING guilty for her part in the tragedy, Mrs. Jordan couldn't look at her husband.

and Martha. Thrown out into the leaf-littered roadway were Larry and Grace.

There was no sound in the darkness once the shattering echoes died down. But all up and down the street lights in houses came on, and people came running; and soon, over their calls and shouts, rose the sirens of the ambulance and police cars, shrieking into the street, whirring down to their last dry clacks like death rattles, as they stopped beside the bodies and the wreckage. All four young people were unconscious, but breathing.

Telephones jangled in four homes and Mr. and Mrs. Albert, Grace's parents, arrived first at the hospital. They had no clear idea of what awaited them. They didn't know whether the nurse was being truthful or just kind; they weren't sure their girl was really alive as the nurse said. And if she was alive, was she disfigured or would she have to suffer amputation? Their agony was indescribable as they shivered with fear and apprehension on that warm night.

The parents of Frank Jordan, anguished over their son's condition, were heavy with the terrible burden of responsibility. Particularly did Mrs. Jordan feel this, for Frank's father had been reluctant to let his son take the new family car that night. Frank had had an accident with the old car and Mr. Jordan wasn't sure he had learned his lesson. Frank's mother remembered with terrible remorse now how she had winked and smiled at the boy behind her husband's back and indicated in sign language she'd coax Dad around even after he had got really angry and said, "No, damn it, you can't have the car tonight and that's final!"

Recalling how she had got the car for her son, Mrs. Jordan couldn't look at her husband, nor at the Alberts.

And Mr. Jordan couldn't face the Evarts, arriving now with the widowed mother of Martha Martin. Fast as they had come, it wasn't fast enough. Martha Martin had died ten minutes after she had been carried into the hospital; died without a whisper or a word, all broken and bloody, skull fractured, bones smashed, a limp, shattered body that minutes before had been lovely, laughing, dancing, alive.

Not long afterward Frank Jordan died. Slowly, the parents went home, the Evarts and the Alberts thankful that their children, though seriously injured, would recover; feeling guilty, too, in their relief and happiness that *they* had been spared; the Jordans and Mrs. Martin, stunned and numb with the suddenness and finality of their loss.

In an accident like this it is impossible to fix blame or guilt; the driver of the car had died without regaining consciousness and so had the girl beside him in the front seat. The other two remembered nothing and couldn't aid the police or insurance men in the slightest degree in their investigation.

"One minute we were sailing along, like always, and the next—wham!—and it was all over," was all either Grace Albert or Larry Evart could say.

Only it wasn't all over. It was only just beginning for those who were left behind.

Every small town is a close-knit one; and the violent, sudden death of one of its residents touches everyone else. It was particularly so in this case, but almost anyone, if he thinks about it, can recall a similar case in his own town, even his own neighborhood.

First, there is the shock of the news itself, spread by telephone, word of mouth, newspaper, radio. Later the pain is spread by the horror picture in the newspaper—the car accorioned in on itself, the tree or telegraph pole snapped off, the bodies trapped in the twisted wreckage, only legs or arms protruding grotesquely; or sometimes, a familiar face, blood-streaked, staring, distorted and disfigured in death looks out. Then there's the funeral. You agonize with the family, you reflect on the life that's been snuffed out, you look at the young widow, or the

middle-aged one with her brood of children, or see the grief-lined faces of parents.

Sometimes, if the victim is young, other people are brought face to face with death for the first time, experiencing its terrible, incomprehensible mystery in angry (Continued on page 42)



EVERYBODY turned out for the funeral, since Frank and Martha had many friends.



HEART-BREAKING to those left behind are rumors which hurt no less because false.



A PENDING lawsuit, for \$50,000, will bring the whole sad business to life again.

SOMETHING is always coming up. Like the draft notice for Frank his mother got.



HELICOPTERS FOR HIRE



PHOTO BY HILLER — SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER

THE LIFE of this boy, Terence Hallinan, was saved by a WHO 'copter which hauled him from a Sierra peak after he fell from a horse.



BUD MOULTON, of WHO, gives Bob Gilmore the lowdown on 'copters.

There's no such thing as "business as usual" in the running of Western Helicopter Operations, Inc. Such as the time the college president became a Peeping Tom.

By BOB GILMORE

THE FARMER wasn't quite up to the situation. It taxed his ingenuity. He frowned, squinted up at the thick fog, pushed back his hat and scratched his head.

"Wa-al," he hesitated, "you follow that highway there and drive . . ." A pause, more scratching. ". . . And in

about a mile you come to a stop-and-go light . . ." Another halt. ". . . Then you turn right at the viaduct an' . . . Aw, the hell with it! Just point the damn' thing thataway. Town's six mile off. You can't miss it."

And without a backward look he climbed on his tractor, while the two men in the helicopter rose straight into the air, pointed their "damn' thing thataway," and windmilled off into the mist.

It may seem strange that two fliers should be abroad in pea-soup fog. Stranger that they should ask directions like old-timers in a Stanley Steamer. But that's the way with the helicopters—you can fly them as low and slow as you want to, and nearly any weather that will let an automo-

Bare of armor or armament, as vulnerable and harmless as a sitting duck, the helicopter has been a hovering angel of mercy around the hell holes of Korea. Many a wounded soldier whose life was ticking away by the minute lives today only because a helicopter snatched him away for treatment. Fighter pilots, forced

down in enemy territory, have been lifted out of danger almost before they could unfasten their parachute harnesses. On occasion, ditched naval aviators scarcely had time to be dampened before a helicopter hauled them out of the drink. A scant ten years old, the helicopter has only begun to show its military potential.



PHOTO BY BOB CAMPBELL - SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

HELICOPTERS are invaluable in fighting forest fires. Here a WHO 'copter does some spotting at the Indian Valley, Calif., fire in 1950.

bile through is good enough for one of these agitated eggbeaters.

Around Fresno, in the Central Valley region of California, farmers and townspeople alike are getting used to the sight of three yellow Hiller "360" helicopters that mill hither and yon in rain or shine, night or day. They glibly call the company which operates the helicopters "WHO," short for Western Helicopter Operations, Inc. And steadily more and more of them have reason to thank WHO for a favor or to call on it to do some job that can be performed only by this rotor-spinning phenomenon.

They tell of the grape rancher, trying so hard to dust his vineyard but watching a capricious wind swirl the expensive chemicals off into the wide blue. Suddenly there was this helicopter hovering low and slow in his wake. And below the whirling rotor the rising clouds of insecticide were being washed down to earth again, blanketing every stalk and leaf and tendril.

A grin spread over the frustrated rancher's face. "Keep it up," he waved. And thenceforth he turned over his dusting jobs to WHO — all because the pilot, on his way back to the airport from another job, had recognized his cue for a convincing demonstration.

Such demonstrations aren't always needed. The average person, little as he may know about helicopters, spontaneously sees in them the solution to many a tough problem. Thus WHO has been called upon to perform a strange potpourri of deeds, part of which includes: mountain rescues of injured persons; aerial photography; air-sleighting of Santa Clauses; not only crop dusting but also spraying and seeding and fertilizing; fruit picking; commercial fish spotting; implanting of flagpole sitters; mountain-area powerline survey and repair work; spiriting newlyweds away from would-be abductors; mountain snow-survey work to forecast water supplies; forest-fire fighting and patrol; real-estate site showing; searches for minerals; and political speech-making tours.

Naturally, the initiative doesn't all come from outside WHO. The organi-



PHOTO BY MORLEY BAER

THE FARM of Enoch Jensen, near San Miguel, Calif., gets a spraying via helicopter. The job here is tough because the farm is located in a semi-canyon with steep sides.

zation, with an office in the administration building at Hammer Field, Fresno's municipal airport, and a hangar and small "heliport" at one edge of the field itself, has a staff of ten, all constantly dreaming up new fields to spray or conquer.

Jay Demming, 33, is president and one of the two pilots. Sharing the flying is Harry R. Watson, same age, veep of the corporation. Ferris S. (Bud) Moulton, 26, is secretary-treasurer; and Donald A. (Nick) Nickerson, 33, an aircraft and engine mechanic whose specialty is helicopters, supervises repair and maintenance.

Even before WHO was thought of it became obvious that a helicopter could carry a man into unseemly — and often embarrassing — situations. One of them turned up during a cross-country tour Demming, Watson and Nickerson made for Hiller Helicopters, Inc., a couple of years ago.

The wonders of the helicopter were being displayed at a certain university in Florida. It was the university president's turn for a ride, and Watson decided to give (Continued on page 40)



PHOTO BY MILLER - SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER

HELICOPTER helps put a lady flagpole sitter in place in San Francisco.

MIAMI - Where Legionnaires will meet from October 15th to 18th inclusive

Here's the information you'll need to start planning for that trip to the National Convention City.

By PAUL D. GREEN

SOME KEEN observer once remarked: "Miami has made more money from the sun than Pittsburgh has from steel." The same applies to its Siamese twin - Miami Beach - and, for that matter, to the whole state of Florida. For tourism is indisputably Florida's No. 1 industry, followed by aviation and citrus growing.

Miami Beach, in fact, is the only city in the world that was built solely as a holiday town. Here's the story:

Around the time of World War I, one John S. Collins was trying to convert some desolate swamp islands off the southeastern tip of Florida into agricultural land.

Collins' plans called for a bridge spanning Biscayne Bay, connecting his overgrown sand dunes with the village of Miami on the mainland. But he couldn't raise the funds. Luckily, he met Carl G. Fisher, an Indiana auto tycoon. Instead of farm lands, imaginative Fisher envisioned a custom tailored paradise for wealthy northerners. He put \$50,000 into Collins' bridge project.

Fisher spark-plugged the gold rush to Florida. Within the next decade he and other financiers poured hundreds of millions of dollars into paved roads, transplanted palm trees, man-made islands, new causeways, breakwaters, and other building construction in the area. Magically, the nine-mile chain of islands was transformed into a fabulous playground of luxurious gingerbread castles; cabana clubs; marinas; swimming pools; exquisite shops; golf courses and parks. Today, this community of 45,000 permanent residents is still expanding feverishly unsurpassed in its all-out, if sometimes frenetic, efforts to cater to the pleas-

ures of over a million visitors a year. "Fisher's Folly" now has some 370 hotels, 15,000 apartments, scores of auto courts, hundreds of private homes and shops, and is assessed at over 300 millions of dollars.

There is virtually no manufacture, no commerce, no agriculture in Miami Beach. What enterprises there are - Hollywood-style hotels and restaurants, sightseeing companies, fishing boats and souvenir and sportswear shops - are dedicated to the pursuit of pleasure. Miami Beach is a monument of superlatives rivaling and in many ways surpassing Los Angeles as a pleasure resort - it has nine miles of continuous surf-swept beach, the longest in any city in the world; the most even year-round temperature; the biggest night club (Copa City); the biggest fishing fleet; the best nearby fishing grounds; the swankiest and costliest shops; the biggest and gaudiest lobbies.

Miami Beach is truly the Technicolor City. It combines the sunkist features of the Côte d'Azur, the fabulous touches of Hollywood's garish, pastel-plaster homes and hotels; with touches of Broadway, Coney Island and Bagdad. In the daytime it is all

washed-out pink, lime green, off-white, and lemon yellow cement and terracotta, bordered by wind-bent palms, set against a clear blue sky. At night it is seductively neon-limned and dramatically indirectly lit, yet has a higher candle power than Times Square viewed from across the Bay. Miami Beach is at once restful, invigorating and feverish, depending on how you take it.

The city of Miami, to which it is wedded by three steel and concrete causeways across Biscayne Bay, is a more conventional American city of 250,000 population, with Latin overtones. Miami is a thriving business town presently undergoing booms in fashions, furniture, air conditioning, construction, aviation, light manufactures, and agricultural distribution.

Miami is united with its flossy sister across the water in wholeheartedly purveying pleasures to holidayers. In or near Miami are big air-conditioned first-run movie houses, many inexpensive night clubs - some on the burlesque side - horse and dog-racing tracks, the Jai Alai ronton, the biggest bowling alleys and skating rinks, and scores of good, moderately-priced restaurants.



MIAMI BEACH combines the attractions of Europe's Riviera, Hollywood, Broadway, Coney Island and the Arabian Nights.

Miami is the Hub of Hemisphere — the clearing-house for thousands of businessmen, politicians, vacationers and adventurers seeking fun or fortunes coming from or going to the Caribbean Islands, Central and South America, only one to five hours away by plane. It may surprise you to know that there are more departures and arrivals of planes at Miami than in any other city in the United States, except possibly New York.

You are at a tremendous advantage in that you are visiting the Miamis between seasons. You will have the whole town to yourselves, and the local citizens will have plenty of time and the will to extend their hospitality. Hotel rates, restaurant prices, and everything that you'll be interested in will be scaled low — as much as half to two-thirds less than winter rates.

October is a mild month, with temperatures ranging between the mid-60's and low 80's.

In any case, you will probably find most of your fun out of doors — fishing, sunbathing, swimming, boating, sight-seeing, golfing, playing tennis, or handball. The Miamis are specialists

at providing facilities for these. Here is a run-through of what you may expect to find and do in Miami-Miami Beach.

SPECTATOR AND PARTICIPANT SPORTS

In season, there are a number of good spectator sports — horseracing, dog racing, jai alai, night baseball games, golf tournaments, water shows, wrestling and boxing. But in October, the chances are that all of these will not be available—at least not in Miami Beach, but possibly in Hollywood or Fort Lauderdale, a short drive north. The football season should be in full swing, however, and you may be able to catch a home game of the University of Miami, which had an unbeaten season last year. And you may be able to catch one of the play-off games of night baseball at Miami's new million-dollar stadium.

The active sportsman should find no dearth of activity, however. Most of the big beach hotels have their own tennis courts, putting greens, shuffleboard, lawn bowling and beach games. There is also a Municipal Park in Miami Beach, at Lincoln Road and Washington Avenue, where you can

indulge in tennis and handball and basketball practice at very nominal charges. The Miami Beach Community Center also features a golf driving range.

The casual duffer can also putt-putt around several miniature golf courses on the Beach and in Miami; while the more ardent club-swinging has the choice of two public courses in Miami Beach and two in or near Miami. In Miami Beach, there are the Bay Shore Municipal Course at 27th Street and Alton Road, and the Normandy Isle Municipal Course, near 71st Street. Greens fees run about \$1.00 for 18 holes off-season. The Miami courses are the Miami Springs Golf Course, in the northern suburbs, and the Miami Shores Golf Club, still further north and west. Fees there are about \$1.50 a round.

There are also several good, large bowling alleys in Miami, where you'll find rates of 30c a line, daytime; 35c a line at night, and a nickel less for duck pins. And at N.W. 37th Street and 7th Avenue, there's the Dexter Roller Rink where you can whirl away some of that excess energy, if not girth.

(Continued on page 51)



THIS IS MIAMI'S distinctive skyline as seen across broad Biscayne Bay.

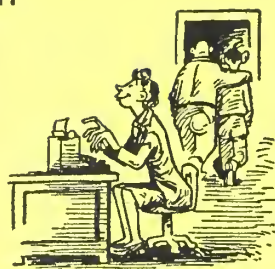
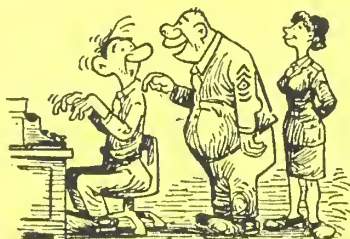
FOR LEGIONNAIRES WHO LIKE BARGAINS

Did you ever ask yourself why so many Legionnaires attend every National Convention? The answer is that nowhere else can a person get so much fun per dollar spent. Convention cities invariably offer a multitude of attractions, and these are always augmented by special features arranged for visiting Legionnaires. Many of these features can be enjoyed by Legionnaires without cost; others are being offered at special low rates.

Bargain prices apply also to room and board. Thanks to The American Legion's Convention Committee, working on the spot, special rates for visiting Legionnaires are worked out, so that excellent hotel and rooming house accommodations can be had cheap. Vacationing on your own you couldn't hope to equal what you'll get for what you'll pay at Greater Miami from October 15th to 18th inclusive.

Even travel is cheap since

convenient low-cost tours are going to be provided by all transportation media. Going by Greyhound Bus, for instance, you can make the round trip from New York City or Chicago for a little more than \$50. If you travel by train from Detroit the round-trip tariff will set you back less than \$70. A round-trip train fare from St. Louis will cost you less than \$60, and you can come all the way from Los Angeles and get back home, for a few pennies more than \$120. Both National Airlines and Eastern will get you there and back for about \$87 from Washington. Delta will fly you from Chicago and return for slightly less than \$100, and Eastern will haul you from St. Louis and return for about \$137. Of course Legionnaires will make the trip from other cities and by other means (not forgetting 40 & 8 locomotives) but this will give you the idea. The idea being that the fellow who holds a Legion membership card is automatically entitled to a vacation that non-Legionnaires can well envy.



COPYRIGHT, 1945, BY SGT. GEORGE BAKER

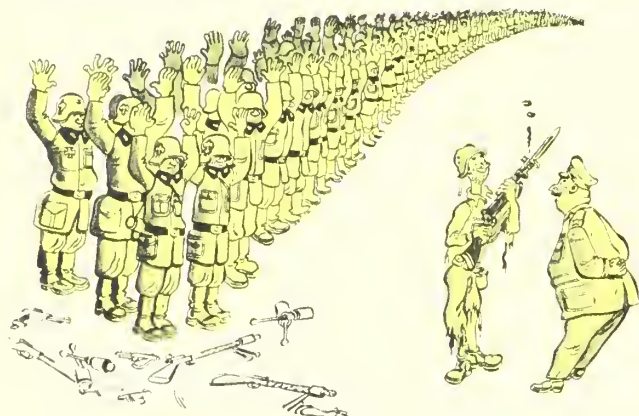


If any one cartoon character came to represent the average GI of World War II in his own mind, it was The Sad Sack. His troubles were those of the average yard bird and his pet dislikes matched those of every man in uniform. George Baker, the Sad Sack's creator, came to the attention of *Yank* when he won first prize in a serviceman's cartoon

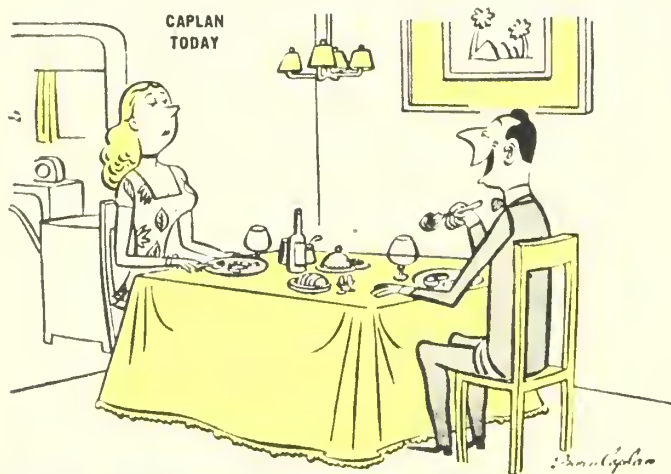
contest. From then on the Sad Sack was a regular feature of the paper.

Baker like so many other popular cartoonists of today is an alumnus of the Walt Disney Studios. It was from his job there that he went into the Army. Today Baker keeps busy with the civilian Sad Sack. Unlike the service character, the Sad

CAPLAN IN THE ARMY



"Great going, Mahoney! You'll get PFC for this!"



CAPLAN TODAY

"My, Madeline, this is good! Pass the mustard, ketchup and relish."



Another frequent contributor to *Yank*, Irwin Caplan, now makes his home in Seattle, Washington. Before entering the service in 1942, Cap worked for the *Seattle Daily Star* as a staff cartoonist. It was while in service that he began to sell free-lance cartoons and continued to do so after separation. Now back home, married and happy, Cap is a regular contributor to leading national magazines. A

recent survey by a cartoonist trade paper finds Cap listed among the top ten cartoonists in sales to national magazines during the past year. At present he has a feature in *The Saturday Evening Post* called "Famous Last Words."

Where Are the Cartoonists of WW II?

Here's how some old friends of yours survived being separated from service.

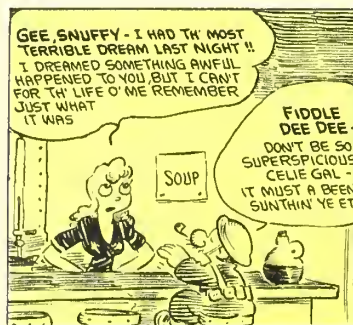
NEWSPAPERS TODAY offer grim reading. The war in Korea, commie spy trials, crime investigations, corruption in government are disturbing—even the usually lightly written sports pages speak of gambling fixes among basketball players. The last chance for escapists is in "the funnies" as they used to be called.

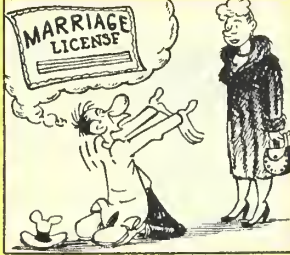
Here millions of ex-servicemen can reminisce with their old friends, Sad Sack, Hubert, Private Breger and other cartoon characters who entertained them during World War II. True, even the comic characters have their troubles but just as in the service, their troubles are ours. (Continued on page 26)

A top flight comic strip artist when the war began, Fred Lasswell was right at home when the Marines put him to work on *The Leatherneck* in early 1943. Here he created Hashmark and did such other cartoons as the boss wanted. Now he is concentrating on drawing his more famous and widely read characters, Barney Google and Snuffy Smith. A native of Florida, Fred and his wife today live in Connecticut. Fred has been experimenting for some time with a braille cartoon for blinded ex-service men and civilians, and hopes to have it perfected shortly.



LASSWELL IN THE MARINES





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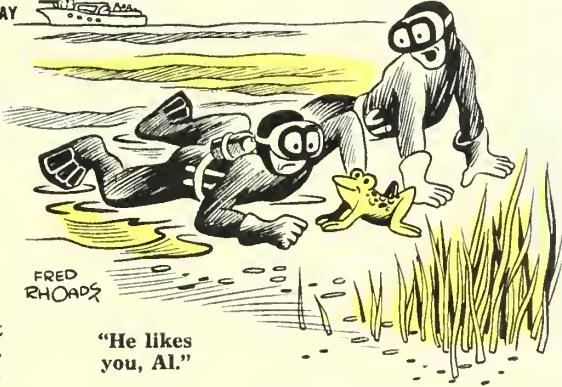
Sack occasionally gets the best of it now. The reason according to Baker is the popular demand that the little fellow win out at least once in a while.

RHOADS IN THE MARINES



— OKINAWA
"The kid likes to sleep a little late, now that it's all over."

RHOADS TODAY



"He likes you, Al."

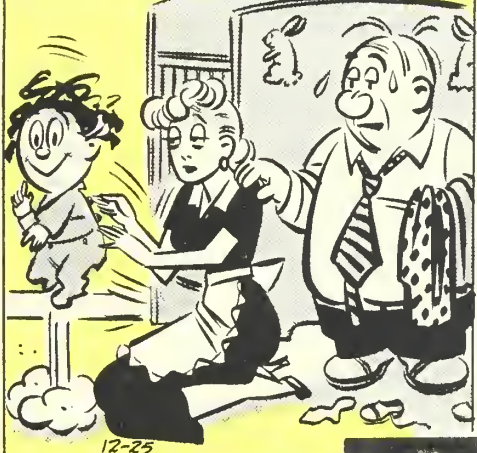
Fred Rhoads got the standard treatment of any Marine—first Parris Island and then Lejeune. Surviving that he was assigned to the quieter theater of operations in Washington, D. C. Here he originated the characters Gizmo and Eightball for *The Leatherneck* and then went on to the Pacific. Fred said he covered every island—and there were a lot of them—doing cartoons. After four years he was considered well qualified for civilian life and discharged. Fred operates out of Tampa, Florida, where, he says, "it's easy to get ideas for cartoons—just like those islands in the Pacific."

WINGERT IN THE ARMY



"We'll have to keep him in the Army—he's no longer fit for civilian life!"

WINGERT TODAY



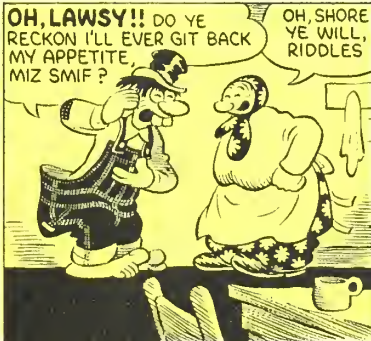
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"Why don't we cut out her vitamin pills for a few days and take them ourselves, instead?"

Stars and Stripes was the birthplace of Hubert. The bewildered, barrel-shaped character was developed by Dick Wingert after much experimentation. Today Hubert continues his experiences as a King Features Syndicate cartoon. Dick is another member of the now famous artist colony at Westport, Conn.



LASSWELL TODAY





"Quit worryin'! If the lieutenant said he'd find the quickest way down, you can be darn sure he will!"



"... And you had *promised* never to gamble ..."

Like so many other now famous cartoonists, Dave Breger started out to be almost anything but an artist. His attempts at other livelihoods include premed courses, architectural engineering and sausage casing in his father's plant.

Finally in 1937 Breger gave in to his latent ambition and began the difficult job of becoming a top-flight cartoonist. King Features was already running his Private Breger feature in 1942 when the editors of the soon-to-be-published *Yank* decided it would be a good cartoon for their magazine. In searching for a catch-phrase title, Breger hit upon G.I. Joe. It was a happy thought for the name became the symbol of the foot-slogging soldier of World War II as had his counterpart — doughboy — in the A.E.F. Now G.I. Joe is a civilian and the cartoon is aptly named "In Civvies."



"Try to squeeze in with these boys, Sonny."

The gentleman on the left is Ralph Stein, man of many vocations and avocations. In the zany pose you see here he is holding a stereopticon camera. Taking the pictures is just part of the problem for this novel hobby so Ralph has spent time and money on various attachments and projectors including many he has designed or built himself.



A famous cartoonist in his own right, Ralph was Assistant Art Editor of *Yank* during the war and looked at what seemed to be millions of cartoons from servicemen contributors. From time to time the pages of *Yank* were enlivened by his own ludicrous views of military life. Today Ralph sort of doubles in brass. He is cartoon editor for *This Week* magazine, the Sunday supplement, and Automobile Editor of *Argosy*. He holds this latter job by virtue of twenty years of experience in owning and driving the flashy sports cars you see zipping along the roads.

(continued)

Where Are the Cartoonists of WW II?

When Hubert has difficulty at home we grin and recall the same scene with our own wife. When Sad Sack meets his old enemies, the beetle-browed sergeant and wolf-faced lieutenant now civilians, we remember yesterday's fight with the boss.

World War II introduced to millions of servicemen and women a group of cartoonists who skillfully poked fun at the services and life in general. Whatever the man's service and wherever he was stationed, some service publication was sure to reach him, and always an important part of those publications was the cartoons.

Cartoons were used not only for humor but to help solve the grimmer problems of the war. From the studios of Walt Disney and other film producers, came animated cartoons showing in entertaining style the operation and maintenance of the complex machinery of war. Airmen of both the Naval Air Arm and Army Air Force laughed while reading the adventures of "Dilbert," the fabulous pilot who did everything wrong. They were being entertained all



right, but they were also learning correct procedures and many an airman is alive today because he read of Dilbert's blunders.

The period between World Wars I and II saw the phenomenal growth of two graphic mediums — photography and cartoons. Both did their part in World War II to bring home to servicemen and civilians alike the problems and difficulties of the war. Today the cartoonists of World War II are entertaining their ex-comrades-in-arms. In newspapers and magazines all over the United States, the cartoonists of *Yank*, *The Leatherneck* and *Stars and Stripes* as well as those of smaller post and station publications are drawing their wonderful little people who have become so real. As America becomes more alert to its peril, perhaps these cartoonists will, in dramatic and pointed strips, bring home to us the dangers we face. Perhaps they too will be printed in the *Congressional Record*, as was one forceful episode in "Terry and the Pirates" by Milton Caniff during World War II.

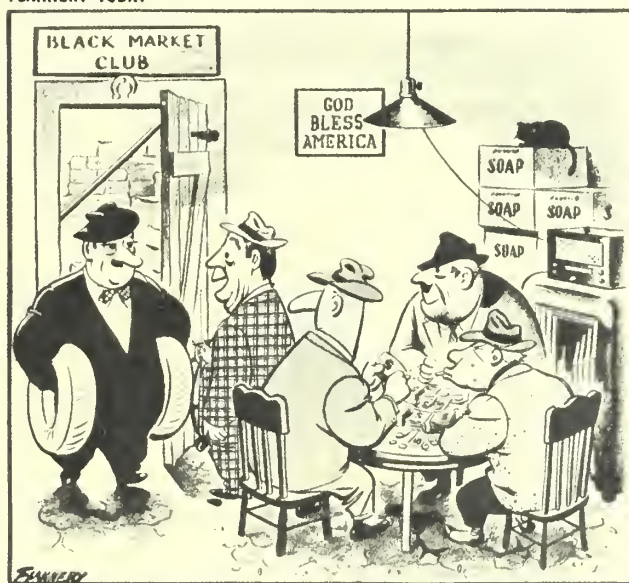
THE END

FLANNERY IN THE ARMY



"All right men—you've had your break—now police up the area!"

FLANNERY TODAY



"Rough peace while it lasted, wasn't it?"

Tom Flannery is best remembered for his pointed humor in *Yank*. A self-taught artist, Tom was apt at pointing out the foibles of the brass and the rugged life of the GI. After the war Tom free-lanced a bit, trying his hand at gag cartoons. His dream, however, was to do editorial cartoons. In November of 1948 he went with the *Lowell, Mass. Sun* and since then has been turning out four editorial cartoons a week covering, as he says, "everything from local and international politics to the effect of TV on ulcers."



WHAT DO YOU THINK WE ARE FIGHTING FOR?

Some people have a hard time explaining why we are once more fighting and sacrificing. The answer is simple and the results will be better than we can imagine.



By **RABBI DAVID LEFKOWITZ, JR.**
National Chaplain, The American Legion

A HANDFUL OF youngsters crowd around the fountain in the drug store on Main Street. Some of them will be heading for the Army in a month or so. But right now they're drinking sodas — and arguing world affairs.

"Seems like we're taking up cudgels for the whole world," the Adams boy says. "The U. N. people talk and talk. But they leave us to pay the bills — and do the messy jobs."

"We got to stop the reds," Hank Smith cuts in. "We got to stop them before they swarm over everything."

"And after we stop them — then what?" somebody else demands. "What'll we have — besides a lot of guys dead and a lot of places shot up?"

"Everybody knows what we're fighting against," another insists. "But it's got to be more than that. We got to know where we're heading with all this — where we're aining. Everybody's trying to tell us but they're all saying something different. Nobody seems to know —"

That verbal tilt in a Main Street drug store could be multiplied many times. Across the nation, youngsters and oldsters — high school lads and college professors, parents and kids — grapple with momentous issues, as the great debate over America's policies

rages. And many are asking searching questions regarding the mounting sacrifices our leaders say must be made.

Calls for aid come from every side. From our own leaders. From Europe and Asia. From stricken, captive peoples. "You must give up your good times," we are told. "You must pay the price of freedom. You must build guns and tanks, you must send weapons and ammunition and food."

Restrictions and controls multiply in the emergency. Officials warn we must be prepared to put brakes even on cherished civil liberties — to prevent our enemies from using them to destroy us.

The mother finds her son marching off to a conflict she does not understand. Industry turns from routine jobs to perform new miracles of production — and shoulder-crushing new taxes as well. Housewives face soaring prices in the grocery store. The college man must put aside his books — for duty on the front.

In the welter of confused and clashing ideas and ideologies which form the pattern of our times, it is not surprising that some should be bewildered regarding the road we must follow — the course we must set.

It is not surprising that some are asking: Have we lost our way? Are

we heading for uncharted seas — and disaster. Are our freedoms to go smash on the rocks of newfangled notions like the U. N., collective security, international police actions and freedom for every last Hottentot?

These are real fears. They are heard today in many loyal American homes. They have been voiced even on the floors of Congress. And communists here

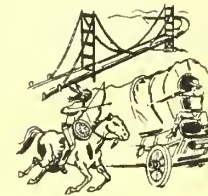
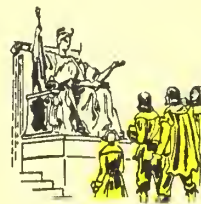
and abroad seek to magnify these fears, to distort them with false propaganda, to use them for the spreading of distrust and disunity.

A straightforward, unequivocating answer is needed. That answer, in my opinion, is best found not in policy statements out of Washington, or even in words of heroic leaders at the front.

It is to be found best in the record already written — in the pages torn from our past.

Our history says: We who have fought for what we knew to be right have always found more in our ultimate victory than we ever thought was there.

The pages of our history are not only a story of dates and names and battles. They are the record of what Fourth of July orators call the great American dream. That dream is the most real (Continued on page 60)



Affairs of Legion Reviewed in Meeting of National Executive Committee; Strong Foreign Policy Stated

National Commander Cocke Makes Report on his World Tour of Inspection; 10 Percent Cost-of-Living Increase Asked for Disabled; Warns of New Economy Act Directed at Vets

Legion lines were tightened, policies clarified, and a forward-looking program was adopted at the regular meeting of the National Executive Committee at the National Headquarters at Indianapolis on May 2-4. The sessions were presided over by National Commander Erle Cocke, Jr., and observers were agreed that this session of the national governing body was one of the most important and portentous ever held.

Highlighting the opening session was the report of National Commander Cocke, just returned from a trip around the world when he stepped off the "Tide of Toys" distribution in many war-torn countries and made a first-hand observation of matters as they stand in the Far East, in Korea, and in Europe. His graphic report and his forthright recommendations were reflected in the formulation of a strongly stated foreign relations resolution presented by Donald R. Wilson, of West Virginia, Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee.

Session is Televised

For the first time the public was permitted to see the Legion's National Executive Committee in action through the medium of television. The entire session on Thursday morning, May 3, was televised through the facilities of WFBM-TV, Indianapolis, and WTTV, Bloomington, Indiana. Television viewers in a very large section of the middle-west saw how the world's biggest veteran organization works in the formulation of its programs and policies, and how it handles its business as a battery of cameras roamed the assembly chamber. Commander Cocke's report, the report of the Foreign Relations Commission, discussion of the National Security Commission's report led by Bruce Henderson of Ohio, and other major considerations were taken up in regular order of business. Miss Jeanne Dickinson, 16, Roanoke, Virginia, winner of the Legion's National Oratorical contest was featured in the televised session. The television viewers had the action brought right into their homes—they saw and heard the National Executive Committee give a rousing vote of approval to National Commander Cocke on his statement made immediately after his world tour, in demanding more vigorous action in Korea, in holding Formosa, in aid to the Chinese Nationalists, and for re-

moval of restrictions on military operations in Korea.

In the more immediate realm of the Legion, when Harold V. Haines, Chef de Chemin de Fer, Forty and Eight, concluded his address to the national body he turned to National Commander Cocke and handed him a check for \$50,000. This money, in furtherance of the 40 and 8 program, is to be devoted to child welfare. On the last day of the meeting, Mrs. Willis G. Reed, National President of The American Legion Auxiliary, brought the greetings of her organization to the Committee—and likewise two checks for basic Legion programs, one for \$10,000 for child welfare and one for \$30,000 earmarked for rehabilitation.

Compensation Increase Asked

The report of the National Rehabilitation Commission presented by Chairman Robert M. McCurdy, California, called for a cost-of-living adjustment of ten percent in monthly rates of disability payment and statutory awards payable to veterans of the two World Wars and Korean hostilities. The resolution also asked for equitable adjustments in death compensation and in disability and death pensions.

WASHINGTON OFFICES MOVE INTO FINE, NEW BUILDING

Though not yet completed, the offices of the Washington branch of the National Headquarters have been moved into the splendid seven-story building erected on the site of the long-time headquarters at 1608 K Street, N.W. Work on finishing the building is proceeding satisfactorily and it is believed that everything will be finished within a few weeks. Tentative plans call for formal dedication some time in July or in early August.

All communications should be directed to the new address—which has been the Legion's permanent address in Washington for nearly twenty years. Housed in the new building are the Rehabilitation, Legislative and Economic Divisions, and with branch offices of Public Relations, Americanism and other divisions.

Again doing business at the old stand—the address is 1608 K Street, N.W.

The Commission also reported that a substantial group of official and unofficial bodies are advancing plans to formulate a new economy act directed at veterans, and warned that such plans would seriously affect not only the administrative side of veterans' benefits but also the direct service programs to disabled veterans. The resolution adopted by the National Executive Committee "favored the individual consideration of each phase of veterans' benefit programs as opposed to the meat-axe slash" contemplated by economy advocates, and pronounced its unalterable opposition to so-called economy moves to be accomplished at the expense of the disabled veterans.

Other resolutions in reference to rehabilitation requested the Department of Defense to prepare a pamphlet to inform dischargees of their rights under existing laws; extension of benefits under the War Claims Act (prisoners of war) to veterans of the Korean action; urged Congress to provide for an extension of entitlement to education and training under Public Law 346 (GI Bill) to qualified veterans who have not initiated their course prior to the deadline date of July 25, 1951, and who have entered active service prior to that deadline.

National Security

Following the report of the National Security Commission presented by Chairman Bruce P. Henderson, the Committee strongly reaffirmed its faith in and support of a civilian controlled program of Universal Military Training, and urged legislation which will make UMT automatic or mandatory upon elimination of 24 months of service; set up a commission as authorized in the House Bill; fix the period of basic training at not more than six months, and make the Commission full time, full paid.

Firmly opposed the transfer of the Selective Service Agency to the Department of Labor, and requested the services to eliminate the reported practice in some recruitment centers of automatically rejecting all persons who at some time were committed to a training school for juvenile delinquents. Asked again that conscientious objectors be drafted or accepted into service and assigned duties insofar as possible consistent with their objections.

Deferment of college students, urged the Committee, should be restricted to those enrolled and satisfactorily pursuing courses which are necessary or pertinent to the national security effort. Further, the Committee asked that the

policy be made specific enough to require uniform administration by all local Draft Boards.

Other resolutions called for the approval by the Defense Department of a Service Flag and Service Lapel Button of standard design to be displayed by families of members of the Armed Forces serving in the present national emergency; free mailing privilege for service personnel during the present conflict, and the establishment of a system of identification of children as a safeguard against separation and loss in event of evacuation of danger areas.

Americanism

The action of the House of Delegates of the American Bar Association in adopting the recommendations of its committee to study communist tactics, strategy and objectives was warmly commended. Legion units were urged to work closely with the local grievance committees looking to the disbarment of communist lawyers. The House Committee on Un-American Activities was urged to extend its investigation of subversives to the fields of radio broadcasting, television, theatre, book review, writers for the press, radio commentators and others who mold public opinion.

In another resolution commendation was extended to former communists, sympathizers and supporters who have broken away from the conspiracy. It was recommended that these disillusioned former communists give evidence of their sincerity by fully revealing their knowledge of the Kremlin-controlled communist group by appearing before the House Un-American Activities Committee and by making public statements.

Other resolutions had to do with details of combating communism in its various phases, and to the internal affairs of the organization.

Foreign Relations

Highlighting the entire session was the report of the Foreign Relations Commission, and the discussion that followed its presentation. Previously the National Executive Committee had by a rousing vote endorsed National Commander Cocke's 4-point Plan: Use of Chiang Kai-shek's forces in the Korean War; bombing of military staging areas in Manchuria; blockading of red China's ports, and defense of Korea.

The far-reaching policy statement on foreign relations given to the Committee by Chairman Donald R. Wilson was in part a re-statement of the policy adopted at the Los Angeles Convention, clarified and expanded to meet issues which have arisen since last October. High points in that report are:

The United States should never participate in any form of world federation or government.

Marshall Plan aid should be discontinued as soon as possible.

Point 4 technical aid to underdeveloped nations should be administered by an agency independent of the State Department.

Spain, Greece, Turkey, "all of whom

have shown a will to combat communist aggression" should be invited to join the North Atlantic Treaty.

Grain should be given to India only in exchange for certain strategic materials which she "is apparently unwilling to make available to America." The resolution declared that "we are informed that several hundred thousand acres of land have been voluntarily taken out of grain production by that nation."

Strengthen Western Germany economically, politically and militarily "so that she can make a real contribution to the North Atlantic Treaty military forces."

Urged speedy conclusion of a peace treaty with Japan by the appropriate powers, regardless of the disposition or lack of cooperation of Soviet Russia.

Asked aid to the fullest extent to the Republic of the Philippines in its attempt to resist communist aggressors and revolutionaries, and also for the protection of American interests.

Reiterated the recommendation for a Pacific Pact for the mutual defense of the free nations of the Far Pacific and Southeastern Asia.

Oppose the recognition of any aggressor nation. Therefore oppose the recognition of red China by the United States, and the admission of delegates from red China to a seat in the United Nations.

Denounced the sale and delivery of strategic materials to communist countries and asked the United Nations to take such steps as may be necessary, including the imposition of a blockade, to stop this vicious trade.

Called upon United Nations members to provide a "fair share" of troops for UN actions.

Deplored the ineffective administration of the Voice of America and asked that it be revitalized. "This can best be accomplished by removing the responsibility of operation from the Department of State and vesting it in an independent administrative and operating agency."

"This program demands dynamic and courageous leadership on the part of our international policy-makers,"

UMT BATTLE NEARS END; CONFEREES STUDY BILLS

Thirty years of American Legion fighting for UMT have finally borne fruit with approval of this security principle by both Houses of the 82nd Congress.

The House, by a vote of 372 to 44, has passed H. R. 2811 providing for a continuation of the draft act and for UMT on a standby basis. The Senate previously had passed S.1, its version of the Draft-UMT Bill, by a vote of 79 to 5.

The final provisions of this legislation are now being ironed out by a joint Senate-House Conference Committee. Its report will have to be approved by both the Senate and the House.

concludes the report. "We don't have that kind of leadership in our State Department today. To get the leadership required we must remove the present corps of leaders whose every action has reflected incompetence, indecision and defeatism. They must be replaced by a corps of realists—men of high purpose and courage—who are not afraid, who have undeviating confidence in American power and ingenuity, and who will, by meriting our respect, face the future with resolution and faith."

Another resolution demanded "swift and adequate retaliations" against red Czechoslovakia for jailing William N. Oatis, AP bureau chief in Prague on the charge of "gaining and diffusing illegal news material." The resolution was introduced by Committeeman Harry E. Fitch, Indiana,—Oatis is a native of that State.

The resolution declared the Oatis case follows the same pattern as the arrest of Angus Ward, State Department official held by red China, and Robert A. Vogeler, arrested and held in jail 17 months by red Hungarians, charged with being an American spy. Vogeler was released after State Department bargaining.

"It appears to be becoming an established procedure by communist regimes to have a few Americans in captivity to add to their bargaining position in the so-called cold war," the resolution said.

Much of the time of the busy three day session was taken up with the consideration of organization house-keeping and questions dealing entirely with the internal affairs of the Legion. This included a re-examination of various programs and projects, and the formulation of new programs.

LOS ANGELES LEGION TO PUT ON FIREWORKS SHOW

More than 50,000 Legionnaires in the 270 Posts making up the Los Angeles, California, County Council of the Legion have been alerted for their 19th annual 4th of July Fireworks Show and Circus. Held in the mammoth Memorial Coliseum, the goal this year is \$50,000—all of which goes into the funds of the Council's Service Department which now employs a full time staff of 55 persons.

The pattern of the great community display of especially designed action fireworks pieces follows current national patriotic themes. For a full hour, with hardly a breathing spell between the showing of sets, the spectators will see such elaborate scenes as "The Marines at Pusan," "General MacArthur at Seoul," and a great variety of other action scenes.

Top-flight artists will appear in the Circus—a departure from the usual circus format will be made this year when each act will be presented as a separate event, not a three-ring affair. Gate prizes will be awarded. The event is under the direction of Harry Myers, Director of Special Events.

Virginia Girl Wins in National High School Oratory Contest; Gets College Scholarship



Jeanne Dickinson

Breaking all precedent, a 16-year-old girl emerged as winner of the Legion's 14th annual National High School Oratorical Contest—the top orator out of some 350,000 'teen age, high school boys and girls who participated in the contest. Incidentally, she also won a \$4,000 college scholarship, good in any

institution of her choice.

Brown-haired, green-eyed Jeanne Dickinson, Roanoke, Virginia, who never had a course in public speaking, out-talked three boys representing the three other regions into which the nation had been divided, at the national finals held in the John Marshall High School at Richmond, Virginia, on April 16. Her topic was "The Constitution—My Birthright." She is the first girl to survive the grueling test of the elimination contests and fight her way to the top honor.

The Three Opponents

Her opponents were Ronald Hengen, son of a German immigrant, who won second place and a \$2,500 scholarship to take back to his home at Richmond Hill, Long Island, New York; Francis O. McDermott, Omaha, Nebraska, a direct descendant of Patrick Henry, took third place and a scholarship of \$1,000, and Ralph Petersberger, Davenport, Iowa, who writes sports for his home town paper, was in fourth place and received a \$500 scholarship.

The four finalists came to Richmond from a series of contests, starting with the elimination contests in their own schools, then state contests to determine contestants to enter the regional competitions. The regional champions were paired off in four sectional meets to determine the four finalists for the Richmond tilt. These four represented the survivors of 350,000 who entered the contest—a record-breaking number.

Although Miss Dickinson made her first public speech only after she entered the contest, she had appeared in high school plays. Her mother teaches dramatics in William Fleming High School in Roanoke.

The finalists had a full two hours of oratory at Richmond, in a closely contested battle of wits, skill and knowledge. Each one had a 10-minute prepared speech as a starter, and a 5-minute extemporaneous speech on some phase of the Constitution to close. They took it like veterans.

So close were the contestants that it took the tabulators more than half an hour to add up the scores of the five

judges. The click-clack of the adding machines provided an exciting undertone to the speeches by various Legion officials who filled in the time.

The judges were J. Lindsay Almond, Jr., Dr. Paul D. Sanders, Dr. J. Blanton Belk, Miss Thelma Keene, and Miss Mary L. Peple.

Allan Willand, Director of the Legion's National Americanism Commission, presented the certificates to the winners. Joseph L. Hodges, Jr., Department Commander of Virginia, in his address pointed out that the Legion through the means of this national contest sought to familiarize American high school students with the principles of the Constitution and its practical workings.

Miss Dickinson, in her battle for the highest oratorical honors, had plenty of competition from other girl students in other states. Eleven girls—and that is another record—were among the state champions in the 45 Legion Departments participating in the contest. Four of the feminine state champions went on to win regional honors to qualify for sectional competition—three failed to survive the test in the regions. They were Joanne A. Hines, Dorchester, Massachusetts; Afton Dean, Twin Falls, Idaho, and Kay Jon Mildon, Ogden, Utah.

Miss Dickinson repeated her prize-winning oration to the Richmond Kiwanis Club, to round after round of vigorous applause. After which the four young orators were taken on a round of sightseeing, visiting Williamsburg, the old colonial capital of Virginia now restored to its original state as near as can be, and Jamestown Island, where the first English settlement was made in America in 1607.

GEN. FRANK LOWE AWARDED DSC FOR KOREAN SERVICE

Major General Frank E. Lowe, Harrison, Maine, has been awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for "extraordinary heroism in action" in Korea. He received the decoration from General Douglas MacArthur on April 10, one of MacArthur's last general orders before he was relieved of his command.

Veteran of both World Wars, and in the Legion, Past Department Commander of Maine and Past National Vice Commander, General Lowe came out of retirement last August to serve as the President's personal representative in the Far East. Specifically his mission was to observe and report on military operations in Korea. While doing so he "distinguished himself by extraordinary heroism in action against the enemy between August 10, 1950, and April 9, 1951," according to the citation.

COCA-COLA BOTTLERS JOIN IN JR. BASEBALL PROGRAM

In this Silver Anniversary year of American Legion Junior Baseball, the Coca-Cola Company is offering its assistance in spreading the program's benefits to more of the nation's youth.

To accomplish this commendable goal, the Coca-Cola Company has asked its bottlers, nationwide, to cooperate with local American Legion Posts in sponsoring Junior Baseball teams. Many of these bottlers already have entered the program, but it is expected a great many more will join them in this and succeeding years.

In addition to this stimulus, the company, through its local bottlers, will present permanent trophies to each Department champion and runner-up team. At the National Finals, to be held in Detroit this September, permanent trophies will be presented to the National champion, runner-up, third place and fourth place teams, in addition to individual trophies for members of the championship and runner-up teams.

American Legion Junior Baseball has grown to be the largest youth program of its kind, in the relatively short span of 25 years. This growth is largely the result of cooperative effort at the Post, District and Department level, between Legion groups and the assistance of other civic-minded persons and organizations.

CHILDREN OF KOREAN VETS NOW IN WELFARE PROGRAM

Benefits of The American Legion child welfare program were extended to children of veterans of the current period of hostilities by the National Executive Committee of The American Legion at its meeting in Indianapolis, May 2-4, 1951.

Needy children of these veterans were declared eligible for financial aid from the National Child Welfare Division on the same basis as children of World War I and World War II veterans.

At the same time, regulations governing the use of American Legion and Auxiliary Poppy funds were also broadened to include rehabilitation and child welfare services for veterans of the present hostilities in Korea and their families.

In each case, the National Executive Committee defined the present conflict as the period from June 25, 1950, until the date of cessation of hostilities as determined by the government of the United States.

The military services were also asked to establish a definite procedure by which dependents of servicemen could apply for and receive military allowances in those cases where the serviceman himself fails to do so. Such a system was in operation during World War II, and the Child Welfare Commission reported that there was a definite need to re-establish this procedure for the protection of families of some servicemen.

\$7,000 IN PRIZES FOR LETTERS

"Operation Comeback" for Physically Handicapped Veterans Announced by Legion; Four \$1,000 Prizes for Best Letters On "How I Overcame My Handicap;" Contest Ends September 1

Handicapped veterans — if you have made a comeback — your letter may win a \$1,000 prize. Four such prizes for veterans of the two World Wars and of the Korean hostilities have this chance. In addition, the four top winners will be guests of The American Legion at its National Convention at Miami, Florida, October 15-18.

Sixteen other prizes, ranging from \$400 down to \$50, will be awarded in this letter-writing contest to vets who have overcome physical handicaps and who have made a readjustment.

The American Legion announces "Operation Handicap," a letter-writing contest by handicapped veterans on "HOW I OVERCAME MY HANDICAP." The story is to be told in not more than 500 words for a chance at the four top \$1,000 prizes. Through such letters veterans who have suffered physical handicaps — either service-incurred or in the post-war years — will tell the extent to which they have overcome their injuries and the extent to which they have made physical, social, economic, industrial and spiritual readjustment.

The rules are simple: The contest is open to all veterans of World War I, World War II, and the Korean hostilities, except present and former employees of The American Legion. Korean eligibles must be veterans — they must have been separated from the service under honorable conditions.

The contest, authorized by the National Executive Committee at its May meeting, will close on September 1, 1951. Entries will be accepted if postmarked before midnight of that day.

\$7,000 in Prizes

A fund sufficient to cover the cash prizes offered has been set up by an anonymous donor who is interested in the welfare of handicapped veterans. The contest will be conducted by The American Legion with several of its divisions participating. The cash prizes have been designated as follows:

- Four 1st prizes of \$1,000 each.
- Four 2nd prizes of \$400 each.
- Four 3rd prizes of \$200 each.
- Four 4th prizes of \$100 each.
- Four 5th prizes of \$50 each.

The judges who will review the letters submitted will be named by National Commander Erle Cocke, Jr., and their names, together with the method of judging letters, will be announced in the July number of this magazine.

How to get Into the Contest

"Operation Comeback" is designed to let in the greatest number of veterans who have suffered handicaps, and for that reason it is not restricted to those whose injuries were incurred in service.

A veteran who suffered injuries in an industrial plant or other way in the years after his discharge is eligible to enter. The only restriction is that the contestant must be an honorably discharged veteran of one of our three last wars.

What to Write

In the preparation of a letter not exceeding 500 words, the contestant will set forth:

Dates of enlistment and discharge from war service.

Rank and organization, or unit in which he served.

Circumstances of incurring the wound or injury, and the extent of the handicap.

Method or means through which readjustment or rehabilitation was achieved.

Occupation, if any, prior to entering into service, or before the disabling injury occurred.

Occupation now, and degree of utilization of ability in gainful employment.

Each letter submitted in the contest *must be* supported as to the statements made by an affidavit signed by the Commander, the Adjutant, Service Officer, or the Medical Advisor of an American Legion Post in the vicinity of the contestant's residence. The attestation of any one of the Post Officers named will be sufficient.

Where to Send Your Letters

Each letter offered in the contest, together with the affidavit of the Post Officer and other supporting material, is to be sent to:

"Operation Comeback"

The American Legion

1608 K Street, N. W.

Washington 6, D. C.

Remember, the contest closes on September 1, 1951, — \$7,000 cash money in prizes and the four top winners get a trip to the American Legion National Convention at Miami, Florida, in October. Letters postmarked *after midnight, September 1*, will not be considered by the judges.

Six Brothers in One Post

The six Tanita brothers — five of whom served overseas in WW2 — are members of Glendale (Arizona) Post No. 29, according to a report received from Adjutant Norman F. Wykoff. The six brothers are Makoto, Kiyoshi, Minoru, Tadashi, Wataru and Tomotsu Tanita. The end is not yet — the six brothers have two younger brothers who are presently serving with the Armed Forces.

USE RITUAL SERVICE TO PEP UP POST MEETINGS

The Department of Illinois, a pioneer in many Legion programs and activities, devotes a lot of attention to the promotion of the use of the Manual of Ceremonies and ritualistic service in Post meetings and at public ceremonies. Top-notch ritual teams have been developed, resulting in Department competitions — but more important is the closer Legion ties resulting from inter-Post exchange and visitations. The whole program is under the direction of a Department Ceremonials Commission, chairmanned by Clarence E. Harper, (3642 Jasper Place, Chicago 9, Illinois.) Other Departments have organized similar Committees and Commissions.

Chairman Harper urges the use of the Manual of Ceremony in Post and public meetings as a means of establishing an interest in Post affairs and in Legion programs.

ONE-MAN CAMPAIGN BRINGS OLD GLORY OUT IN DENVER

As a result of a one-man campaign conducted by John C. Vivian, Past Department Commander of the Colorado Legion and twice Governor of that State, American flags are flown every day from staffs atop Denver's business buildings. The campaign started in December when Past Commander Vivian contacted owners and agents of downtown blocks with an appeal for a display of Old Glory, with observance of regulations in hours and inclement weather. He met with almost 100 percent cooperation and the flag now flies from nearly every building which supports a flag staff.

It is believed the same result can be had in every American community if some patriotic group or citizen will make the start — especially during this present war emergency.

Right Program, Wrong Post

The splendid hospital program reported in the May number (page 36) was credited to National City Bank Post, New York — it should have been Chase National Bank Post No. 1674, also of New York City. Beg pardon, please. *Chase National Bank Post* carries on a fine hospital and rehabilitation services as a continuing program for sick and disabled veterans.

"Believe me," writes Service Officer Charles Spangehl, Chairman of the Post Hospitalized Veterans Committee, "more people must read our magazine than have greeted our beloved General MacArthur on his return. This is evidenced by the number of calls I have had in reference to the error."

★ ★ ★ LEGIONITEMS ★ ★ ★

Rose Self, 20, East St. Louis, Illinois, lost her right leg from polio in childhood, but when two children were trapped in a burning home her handicap did not deter her from dragging them out, thus saving their lives. East St. Louis Legion gave her a Medal for Heroism; presentation was made by James H. Egan . . . Carroll Post Cadet Corps, long-time sponsored by Gerald V. Carroll Post No. 161, Passaic, New Jersey, has 31 of its members in service, 5 of whom have been wounded in Korea. In age bracket 12-17, the lads who face induction into the Armed Forces are thoroughly drilled in the correct use of firearms under Sergeant Max Marquardt, Commandant. The Cadets also provide firing squads for burial ceremonies and color guards for various Legion and community affairs.

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Jelkins-Harms Post No. 142, Tripp, South Dakota, made something of a record in its local Legion Oratorical Contest—41 pupils out of a total of 96 participated. Post presented the High School with a new flag . . . Jimmy Kerwin, member of the Class A bowling team of Leonard S. Morange Post No. 464, Bronxville, New York, achieved a bowler's dream when he rolled a perfect 300 in a team competition. WW2 Captain and vet of Africa and Anzio, Bowler Kerwin's Post gave him a silver cocktail shaker, properly inscribed, to commemorate the feat. . . . Serving as a one-man USO, Legionnaire Harry Rodriguez, two-war vet, member of White Plains (New York) Post No. 135, hands out cigarettes and parting gifts to departing draftees from his area. Comrades say he has not missed a group since drafting was resumed. . . . Past Commander W. Crawford Fullilove, Jr., Lowe-McFarlane Post No. 14, Shreveport, Louisiana, was named "Shreveport's Citizen for 1951" by the local Civitan Club.

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Sponsored by Brittan Square Post No. 436, Worcester, Massachusetts, developed an all-star Pee-Wee Hockey team from the 68 neighborhood lads—5 original teams—organized and put into play. The squad averages 13 years, coached by Eddie Bates, former North High and 304th FA Post, New York City, gave a Gold Life Membership Card to its Past Commander Harry C. Lechner as a reward for his many years of faithful and active service . . . 300 Legionnaires gathered at Winthrop (Massachusetts) Post home to pay a tribute to Charles A. Hagman, 30-year member. He was given a Gold Life Membership card and citation, the first one issued by the Winthrop Post . . . Barringer-Walker Post No. 139, Lyndhurst, New Jersey, reports a collection of 3,000 toys from school children in the Tide of Toys drive.

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A special citation for "distinguished services, faithful devotion, and unself-

ish support of all Legion programs" was presented to Clifford D. Clearwater, 30-year member and first Commander of Palisades Post No. 283, Pacific Palisades, California . . . Ted Stolp, Chairman of Stamps for the Wounded, Olney Post No. 388, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, has sent out a call for stamps and philatelic items for the wounded in Percy Jones Army Hospital, Battle Creek, Michigan . . . Edward M. McKee Post No. 131, Whitestone, Long Island, New York, has tendered its club house and facilities to the use of the local Civil Defense organization . . . Two of the greatest champions in the heavyweight boxing division are both members and officers of Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., Memorial Post No. 1755, New York City. Gene Tunney is Post Commander, and Jack Dempsey is Judge Advocate.

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Starting with a \$100 appropriation, Guy Rathbun Post No. 24, Kelso, Washington, has developed a full-scale program of giving every man going into service from Cowlitz and Wahkiakum Counties a practical fitted kit. "Operation Kit" has been financed by the Legion, and presentation is a part of the going away party. . . . Commander Robert W. Chase, Tri-Cities Post No. 323, Bay-

THREE-WAR FAMILY IN CAROLINA LEGION POST



Valley Post No. 77, Graniteville, South Carolina, has a three-war family enrolled in its membership—Ernest Johnson, Sr., veteran of WW1, seated in picture above. Standing, left to right, are Edward Johnson, veteran of the Korean war, and Thomas F. Johnson and Ernest Johnson, Jr., both veterans of WW2. The South Carolina three-war Legion family is the first to be reported to this family journal—but no doubt there will be others.

town, Texas, reports collection of 1,500 toys running up to 1,000 pounds in Tide of Toys program—top contribution in the 8th Texas Legion District. . . . Legionnaire Morris E. Jacobs, member of the Finance Committee of Omaha (Neb.) Post No. 1, (world's largest) since its inception, has been named to membership on the National Board of the United Defense Fund, Inc. . . . Laurel (Maryland) Post No. 60 has launched a drive to purchase an iron lung for community use. The Post has sponsored bowling tournaments and dances to raise funds for National Heart Foundation.

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Breaking all records in 30 years of shooting the George Washington Birthday 30-calibre matches in Arizona, four members of the champ Luke-Greenway Post SAL team, Phoenix, shooting under the colors of the North High ROTC, won the 1951 championship. These four lads, out-shooting their dads and older brothers, defeated the 1950 champs, the Tucson Rifle Team, 4 Luke-Greenway Post teams, and 23 National Guard, and Army and Navy Reserve—all adding up to 41 whipped teams. The boys are Charles Cox, 17; Stewart Hood, 16; Kenneth Palmer, 16, and Robert Wolfe, 17. "It was like a high school team taking the World Series from the Yankees," comments Win Murrill, Department and SAL Marksmanship Chairman.

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Sgt. Staples Post No. 198, Clifford, Virginia, took a full page advertisement in the Lynchburg News to tell the Legion story on the Legion's birthday, March 16. Organized in 1949, has acquired a building lot and expects to construct a home within the year. . . . Coffeyville (Kansas) Post No. 20 won a membership contest with Harold R. Andrews Post, Independence. A chartered bus took 30 "Cocke O' the Walk" Club members to Independence to enjoy a huge turkey dinner put up by the losers. . . . Legionnaire and Mrs. Guerino Filosa, Wilder, Vermont, were designated "Mr. and Mrs. Liberty" and given a round trip to Italy on inauguration of first steamship passenger service direct from Boston to Europe since WW2, in mid-March. Legionnaire Filosa, WW1 vet, is an active member of Hartford (Vermont) Post No. 26, and Mrs. Filosa is a charter member of the Auxiliary.

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Department Commander Joseph McCracken, Pennsylvania, was the guest speaker at the super birthday party thrown by Frank P. Hammon Post No. 24, Huntingdon, Pennsylvania, on March 16, when 50 new members were inducted into the Post . . . A unique gadget devised by technicians of the General Electric Supply Co., Rochester, New York, which shows all pictures in reverse, brought "normal" television to polio victim Bob McKenna. He sees the true picture reflected in a mirror attached to the top of his iron lung. The device was presented to him by 15 Past Commanders of Burton-Miller Post, of Rochester.

Military Wage Credit For Social Security Purposes Explained; Credit On Retirement

Wage credits for veterans of WW2 at the rate of \$160 per month under old age and survivors insurance provided for in the 1950 amendments to the Social Security Act seem to be not clearly understood by many veterans. In order to clarify understanding, and to point out that the wage credit is not intended to give veterans an immediate benefit, but rather to prevent their being penalized because of military service, the following statement has been prepared by the Social Security Administration:

The only conditions necessary to qualify for the wage credit of \$160 per month are that the veteran must have served 90 days between September 16, 1940 and July 24, 1947, and have been released from service under conditions other than dishonorable. A veteran with less than 90 days' service also qualifies for benefits if discharge was due to injury or disability incurred on active duty, or if he died in service. There is one further proviso: the old-age and survivors' insurance benefit is not payable if the time a veteran was on active military duty is counted toward some other Federal retirement system, such as civil service or military retirement.

These wage credits are not mechanically posted as are the wages recorded by private employers, but they are used at the time a claim is adjudicated. There are more than 15 million living veterans of WW2. The work that would be entailed in making the postings to the individual's record would be very great and such posting is not necessary.

When a veteran retires from employment at age 65, or later, the claim form that he files asks the question: Were you in active military or naval service after September 15, 1940, and before July 25, 1947? The duration and dates are verified through the records of the appropriate military department and the wage credits covering the period of service are used in calculating eligibility for benefits and the monthly amount that will be paid to the veteran.

Should the veteran die before reaching retirement age the claim form used by survivors also asks whether the veteran was ever on active military duty during WW2 and the procedure from that point is the same as for a veteran who files his own claim.

This provision for giving wage credits for military service in WW2 should not be confused with the provision in the old law which said that a veteran of WW2 who died within three years of separation from the service would be considered fully insured under old-age and survivors' insurance. Benefits in this case are also figured on assumed wages of \$160 a month. This provision is continued in the new law. It no longer applies to the vast majority of veterans because they were discharged more than three years ago.

The old law protected survivors of

veterans. The new provision may be the basis of retirement as well as survivors' benefits.

The new law gives everyone a new start toward eligibility beginning January 1, 1951. A minimum of six quarters of coverage is necessary before anyone can be insured. Therefore, any veteran who has credit for six quarters of coverage due to his military service will be insured until the end of 1953 even though he has never worked in jobs covered by social security. A calendar quarter is a three-month period beginning January 1, April 1, July 1, or October 1.

The duration of a veteran's insured status based solely on wage credits given for military service depends on the length of his active duty in the armed forces. A person who was in the service for three years will be insured for six years beginning January 1, 1951; one who was in the service five years will be insured for 10 years. If there are no other wage credits for non-military employment, the insured status *eventually lapses* unless his insured status continues to his 65th birthday, in which event benefits will be payable.

Legion Rehab Program Includes Full Rights For Korea Veterans, Cocke Tells Committee

Awarding of World War II-type veterans' benefits to Armed Services personnel on active duty since the start of fighting in Korea topped the list of legislative requests presented to the House Veterans' Affairs Committee on April 25th by American Legion National Commander Erle Cocke, Jr.

Commander Cocke asked for "equalization of benefits and services" to provide present GIs with "compensation, pension, hospitalization, education and training, loans and allowances comparable to those to which veterans of World War II were entitled." He said the nation's obligation to these men and to their families is "every bit as compelling and just" as was the case in the previous conflict.

"Our fighting men in Korea have reason enough to feel that their sacrifices are being made in vain," Cocke said. "Whether they are right or wrong, that impression can only grow if the Congress fails to establish their rights under law." Commander Cocke visited the Korean battleground last month.

He also urged legislation to provide: Additional disability compensation for dependents of veterans with service-incurred disabilities rated at 10 percent or more.

Increased monthly death compensation for children of veterans where there is no widow, and of dependent parents.

NEW JERSEY LEGISLATURE HONORS DEPT. ADJT. COWAN

Roland F. Cowan, who completed 25 years as Department Adjutant of the New Jersey Legion on March 31, was honored by the New Jersey State House of Assembly on April 2. The solons unanimously adopted a resolution congratulating Cowan for his long service to the Legion and to the "community, state and nation," and granted him the privilege of the floor. The resolution was sponsored by Assemblyman Frederick M. Hauser, Hudson County, and co-sponsored by Assemblyman Lewis M. Herrman, Essex County, both Legionnaires.

A Navy vet of WW1, Department Adjutant Cowan was a charter member and first Commander of Union Hill Post No. 46, New Jersey. He is now a member of Trenton Post No. 93; is a Past Commander of Hudson County and Past President of the National Association of Department Adjutants.

Legion Honors Al Jolson

At a regular meeting of the Los Angeles, California, County Council, a citation honoring the late Al Jolson for his devotion to the welfare of hospitalized veterans and men of the Armed Forces was presented to his widow. The presentation was made by Past Department Commander William P. Houghton.

Higher annual income limitations for determining eligibility for pension awards to veterans rated as having permanent and total non-service-connected disability. The increase would be from \$1,000 to \$2,500 for single persons, and from \$2,500 to \$3,000 for married persons.

Death pension to widows and children of deceased World War II veterans on the same basis as for those of World War I veterans.

Restoration to the Veterans Administration Hospital Construction Program of 16,000 beds eliminated by a Presidential Order January 10, 1949, and establishment of a Federal Board of Hospitalization to coordinate all Government Hospital activities.

A clear expression of Congressional intent regarding veterans' right to training under the GI Bill after July 25, 1951.

The right of continued renewal of U.S. Government Life Insurance policies for additional five-year periods at the premium rate without medical examination.

Cocke also told the legislators that he anticipates American Legion approval of a new policy favoring general upward revision of veterans' compensation rates. The action is being pursued, he said, "because of the disparity between the fixed income rates of the disabled, and the greatly increased cost of living."

OUTFIT REUNIONS

Combat Divisions Reunions—Info about the following scheduled reunions can be had by addressing the Division Association, care Division Associations, P. O. Box 1111, Washington 13, D.C.

65th Division, June 22-24, New York City
99th Division, June 29-July 1, Pittsburgh, Pa.
63rd Division, July 6-8, Cincinnati, Ohio
103rd Division, July 13-15, New York City
11th Airborne Division, July 20-22, New York City

102nd Division, August 24-26, Pittsburgh, Pa.
87th Division, Sept. 14-17, New York City
Society of the 1st Division—Annual reunion, Atlantic City, N.J., Sept. 6-8. Write C. M. Eymer, Box 188, San Diego 7, Cal.

2nd (Indian Head) Division Assn.—30th annual reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., July 26-28. Information from National Headquarters, 2nd Division Assn., 116 N. 3rd St., Camden 2, N. J.

3rd (Rock of the Marne) Infantry Division—Annual reunion, Columbus, Ohio, July 12-14; headquarters Neill House, Info from Harry Cedar, National Secy., P. O. Box 74, Washington 4, D. C., or Vincent Young, Reunion Chairman, 14 E. Moler St., Columbus, Ohio.

4th Armored Division Assn.—5th annual convention, Chicago, Ill., July 6-7; Sherman Hotel, Info from Albert Rosen, Secy.-Treas., P. O. Box 247, Madison Sq. Station, New York 10, N. Y.

5th (Red Diamond) Infantry Division—Annual reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., Labor Day weekend, Info from Frank Mulvaney, Natl. Secy., 1023 S. Farragut Terrace, Philadelphia 43, Pa.

5th (Patton's Ghosts) Armored Division—Annual reunion, Pittsburgh, Pa., July 5-7; William Penn Hotel, Info from Charles Rubel, 885 Middle Road, Pittsburgh 34, Pa.

6th (Red Star) Infantry Division—Annual reunion, Milwaukee, Wis., July 26-28; Wisconsin Hotel, Info from Elroy E. Scholl, 1425 N. 14th St., Milwaukee 5, Wis.

6th (Super 6th) Armored Division—Annual reunion, Columbus, Ohio, Aug. 31-Sept. 2; Deshler-Wallick Hotel, Write William E. Rutledge, Jr., Secy.-Treas., P. O. Box 4, Yadinville, N. C.

7th (Lucky 7th) Armored Division—5th annual convention, Chicago, Ill., Aug. 25-26; Sherman Hotel, Info from Johnnie Walker, Secy., 39 Stillman Ave., Bergenfield, N. J., or 7th Armored Div. Assn. Headquarters, Box 5072, Chicago, Ill.

8th (Pathfinder) Infantry Division—4th annual reunion with attached units, Macon, Ga., Aug. 31-Sept. 1; Hotel Dempsey, Write B. L. Kersey, Jr., Executive Secy.-Treas., 488 First St., Macon, Ga.

24th (Victory) Infantry Division Assn.—4th annual reunion, Detroit, Mich., Aug. 10-12; Hotel Tuller, Info from Joseph I. Peyton, Natl. Secy., 181 N. Culver St., Baltimore 29, Md.

25th (Tropic Lightning) Infantry Division Assn.—2nd annual reunion, Washington, D. C., July 6-8; Hotel Statler, Info from Association Secy., P. O. Box 101, Arlington 1, Va.

26th (Yankee) Infantry Division—Annual reunion, Portsmouth, N. H., June 7-10, Info from Albert Shepard, Convention Secy., P. O. Box 845, Portsmouth, N. H.

28th (Keystone) Infantry Division—National convention, both WWs, Bethlehem, Pa., June 27-30. Inquiries to A. W. Frymyer, Gen. Chm., RFD 2, Bethlehem, Pa.

29th (Blue and Gray) Infantry Division Assn.—(Department of Va.)—Annual reunion, Hopewell, Va., June 2-3. Contact Capt. Harry R. Maifield, Sr., Hopewell Armory, 200 N. 9th Ave., Hopewell, Va.

30th (Old Hickory) Infantry Division—5th annual convention, Cleveland, Ohio, July 4-6. Write 30th Inf. Div. Assn., P. O. Box B, Bergen Sta., Jersey City, N. J.

32nd (Red Arrow) Infantry Division Assn.—(Both WWs)—Annual convention and reunion, Chicago, Ill., Sept. 1-3; Morrison Hotel, Info from Leo J. Fletcher, President, 32nd Div. Hdqrs., Morrison Hotel, Chicago, Ill.

33rd (Illinois) Infantry Division Assn.—Annual reunion, both WWs, Chicago, Ill., June 22-23; Morrison Hotel, Write George D. Radcliffe, Secy., Room 508, Morrison Hotel, Chicago 2, Ill.

37th (Buckeye) Division Vets. Assn.—Annual reunion, Cincinnati, Ohio, Sept. 1-3; Gibson Hotel, Write Headquarters 37th Division, 1101 Wyondotte Bldg., Columbus 15, Ohio.

42nd (Rainbow) Division Vet. Assn.—33rd national annual reunion, Birmingham, Ala., July 12-14; Tutwiler Hotel, Info from Lindsay L. Cox, Reunion Secy., 107 Hermosa Drive, Birmingham, Ala.

69th (Fighting 69th) Infantry Division Assn.—4th annual reunion, Cleveland, Ohio, Aug. 24-26; Hollenden Hotel, Info from Banquet Committee, 69th Infantry Div. Assn., 135 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y.

80th (Blue Ridge) Infantry Division Assn.—32nd annual reunion, Akron, Ohio, Aug. 2-5; Hotel Mayflower, Info from Harry J. Collette, Resident Secy., 302 Plaza Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

82nd (All American) Airborne Division Assn.—5th annual reunion, Chicago, Ill., July 1-3; Hotel Sherman, Write John Spike Lynch, 9115 S. May St., Chicago 20, Ill.

82nd Airborne Division Assn.—Reunion dinner, New York, August 28 or 29, Exact time and place

from Manuel Safferman, Secy., 138 Prince St., New York 12, N. Y.

84th (Railsplitter) Infantry Division—6th annual convention, Cleveland, Ohio, Aug. 27-29; Statler Hotel, Info from National Hdqrs., P. O. Box 282, Washington 4, D. C.

88th (Blue Devils) Infantry Division Assn.—Annual reunion, Washington, D. C., Aug. 16-19; Shoreham Hotel, Write Hdqrs. 88th Inf. Div. Assn., Box 328, Cooper Sta., New York 3, N. Y.

94th Infantry Division Assn.—2nd annual reunion, Chicago, Ill., June 15-17; Hotel Sherman, Details from 94th Div. Assn., P. O. Box 1111, Washington 13, D. C.

99th (Checkerboard) Infantry Division—2nd annual reunion, Pittsburgh, Pa., June 29-July 1; William Penn Hotel, Info from John R. Gavin, Secy., 130 Oneida St., Pittsburgh 11, Pa.

100th (Century) Infantry Division—4th annual reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 7-9; Benjamin Franklin Hotel, Write or contact the Century Association, P. O. Box 86, Hartford 1, Conn., for details.

92nd Division WW1 and 2 Vet. Assn.—Annual reunion, Chicago, Ill., Sept. 6-9; headquarters 5745 State Street, Info from Jesse L. Carter, National Commander, 6223 1/2 Indiana Ave., Chicago 37, Ill.

Battery A, 548th AAA (AW) Bn.—Reunion, Saginaw, Mich., June 16. Details from Edgar R. Rupp, 1918 Benjamin, Saginaw, Mich.

41st Infantry Division Assn.—Annual convention, Seattle, Wash., June 15-17; Ben Franklin Hotel, Info and reservations from Edward L. Barrow, Secy.-Treas., Portland Municipal Airport, Portland 13, Oregon.

Co. B, 51st Medical Bn. and 883rd Medical Collecting Co.—Annual reunion, Harrisburg, Pa., June 10; Harrisburg Republican Club, 26 N. 2nd St. Write Eugene F. Rabenstein, Secy., Cassatt Bldg., Continental Square, York, Pa.

64th CAC—Batteries D and E—Annual reunion, Akron, Ohio, June 23-24; Portage Hotel, Write Charley Huckel, Secy., 14 S. Maple, Akron, Ohio.

Co. I, 164th Infantry—Reunion, Wahpeton, N. Dak., June 30-July 1. For details write Ira H. Keeney, 79 1/2 Dakota Ave., Wahpeton, N. Dak.

714th Ry. Operating Bn.—Reunion, Chicago, Ill., June 22-23; Midland Hotel, Make reservation direct. Details from M. H. Sullivan, President, 805 N. Lincoln St., Casper, Wyo., or W. H. Noble, Secy., 778 Rossmore Ave., Akron, Ohio.

Hdqrs. and Hdqrs. Co., 194th Glider Infantry, 17th Airborne Div.—Reunion, Cleveland, Ohio, June 28-30; meet at American Legion Post No. 2. Details from Otto Kazmaier, 422 East 18th St., Erie, Pa.

45th Seabees—5th annual reunion, Chicago, Ill., June 29-30; La Salle Hotel, Members 12th, 23rd, 38th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 52nd and 79th Seabees invited. Info from Robert J. Sullivan, 1725 Wilson Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

Co. D, 71st Signal Service Bn.—Reunion, Topeka, Kans., June 2-3; Jayhawk Hotel, Write LeRoy H. Kroeker, 102 West 23rd, Hutchinson, Kans., for details.

Co. B, 115th Inf., 29th Div.—Annual reunion, at Capt. McCleary's Club House, Miller's Sawmill, Sharpsburg, Md., (just beyond the battlefield), Sunday, June 3. Check for directions at Legion Home, Hagerstown. Info from Leroy R. Weddle, 334 Bryon Place, Hagerstown, Md.

101st Infantry Vet. Assn.—Convention, Boston, Mass., June 6-8. Contact Knocko, Secy., 200 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.

753rd Railway Shop Bn.—2nd reunion, Bucyrus, Ohio, June 9-10. Information from Charles Seyler, Secy.-Treas., P. O. Box 185, Bucyrus, Ohio.

149th Infantry Vet. Assn.—3rd annual reunion, Fort Knox, Ky., Aug. 18. Review of present 149th, KNG. Details from B. T. (Rusty) Hauer, 831 Temple Bar Bldg., Cincinnati 2, Ohio.

388th Bomb Group H. Assn.—2nd annual reunion, Columbus, Ohio, July 6-7; Deshler-Wallick Hotel, Info and reservations from Robert L. Pfeiffer, Convention Chairman, Deshler-Wallick Hotel, Columbus, Ohio.

Ranger Battalions Assn.—(members and former members of 6 U.S. Ranger Bns. of WW2)—2nd annual convention, Cincinnati, Ohio, August 3-5; Hotel Netherlands Plaza. Information from Kenneth J. Munro, 284 Woodward Ave., Buffalo 14, N. Y.

Co. C, 97th Signal Bn. (WW2)—Reunion, Turkey Run State Park, Indiana, July 7. Details from Carroll C. Field, Clay City, Ind.

613th Ordnance Bn.—Annual reunion, Pittsburgh, Pa., Aug. 31-Sept. 2. Complete details from James L. McClintock, 727 Gaywood Drive, Pittsburgh 35, Pa.

60th C. B. Battalion—Annual reunion, Richmond, Ind., Sept. 1-2; headquarters Leland Hotel.

Co. A, 115th Infantry, 29th Div., (WW2)—Reunion, Frederick, Md., Sept. 1. Write Alton E. Shaff, 713 Motter Ave., Frederick, Md.

285th Engr. Combat Bn. Assn.—5th annual reunion, Dayton, Ohio, Aug. 5. Info from Mort Dietrich, 1286 Troy Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

23rd Engineers Assn.—Reunion and dinner, Coldwater, Mich., June 23; Arlington Hotel, Contact James P. Henriksen, Secy., 2922 N. Kilbourn Ave., Chicago 41, Ill.

13th Engineers—Annual reunion, Buffalo, N. Y., June 15-17; Hotel Buffalo, Make reservations with hotel. Info from A. E. Ward, 6147 Patterson Ave., Chicago 34, Ill.

(Continued on page 36)

COMRADES IN DISTRESS

Corps of Engineers, various units—Need to hear from men who served with me in various units, H & S Co., 827th Avn. Engrs. Bn., Fort Dix, among others, and in 407th Port Co., Italy and France; 410th Port Co. in France and Philippines, who know of my asthmatic condition while in service. Write Jesse A. Jackson, 1101 Lane St., Hamilton, Ohio.

Camp Pickett, Va.—Will Pfc. Alfred Riggsbie (34451998), Pfc. Thomas E. Davis (34451722), and T/5 Julien H. Berntson (37164645), who witnessed last will and testament of the late Frederick Bernard Fedele on Jan. 1, 1944, get in touch with undersigned as quickly as possible. Two witnesses must be found in order to probate will. Arthur J. Prindle, Attorney, 145 Main St., Nyack, N. Y.

732nd Engineers—Will anyone who remembers my injury—in Manila, Aug. 1945, please write. Henry L. Sheppard, Gen. Del., Pahokee, Fla.

Destroyer Juneau—Survivors this ship, sunk by enemy action in 1942, who remember Joseph Jamnos, please write. Claim pending. Arthur F. Hoffman, Service Officer, 107 Parkway, Rochelle Park, N. J.

Lowry Field, Denver, Colo.—Will Burl I. Nicholas, Ralph N. Wyatt, Charles Holland who were at this field with Frank Milazzo, 1942 to 1945, please contact Arthur F. Hoffman, Service Officer, 107 Parkway, Rochelle Park, N. J.

USS Buchanan and USN Hospital, Seattle, Wash.—Urgently need to contact anyone who served with me from May, 1942, to Aug., 1944. Please write to Robert F. Janssen, 601 Wilson St., Neenah, Wis.

Co. C, 526th Armored Infantry—Will anyone who served overseas with William Dawson, or was hospitalized with him at Fort Knox, Ky., upon his return (April to Dec., 1942) please write Mrs. Vivian Dawson, 922 S. Washington St., Alexandria, Va., or Benjamin E. Read, Chaplain, Department of Commerce Post No. 45, American Legion, 3536 S. St., N. W., Washington 7, D. C. Statements needed.

Co. D, 114th Inf.—Will anyone who knew of my being wounded, please write. Statements needed for medical care. Stanley (Stub) Rightmire, RD 1, Benton, Pa.

Co. C, 303rd Engineers, AEF—Will anyone who knows of my disabilities while in service, please contact me. Thomas J. Carey, Rt. 1, Box 71, Ceres, N. Y.

Troop E, 4th Cavalry, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., (WWI)—Anyone who remembers me, please write. Need statements to complete claim and to certify that I was in above Troop. Harrison Newton, Port Ewen, N. Y.

Co. B, 11th Regt., USMC—Need to contact men who served with me in France in fall of 1918, in La Rochelle, La Pallice, or Voguain. Also pharmacists and medical personnel in sick bay at boot camp, Parris Island, in January-March, 1918. Thomas Martin, 5093 Sumter Ave., Cincinnati 38, Ohio.

Co. B, 1918th Service Command Unit, Camp Beale, Cal.—Urgently need to hear from men who served with me above unit and station, October, 1945, to January, 1946. Claim pending. Please write. Willard Ernest Beard, 3053 Emerald St., Klamath Falls, Oregon.

SS H. M. Story—Shipmates who served aboard with Warren G. Higginbotham in spring, 1943, are requested to write, particularly Ensign W. H. Rutledge, S1 Harold O. Petterson, Densal Adron Brubeck, Roy Clanton Petterson. Claim pending for injury in explosion. Write G. W. Davis, Rt. 5, Box 71, Jasper, Ala.

LCI "M" 431—Need to hear from shipmates who served with me during 1944 in SW Pacific, particularly Cox. Calvin C. Brower, Ensign Schroeder (Acting Capt.) and B1/c William Howard Able. Disability claim pending. Robert L. Guyse, P. O. Box 33, Ober, Ind.

522nd Sqdrn., 67th Air Group, Santa Maria, Cal.—Urgently need to hear from truck driver who drove truck in which W/O Elmer Richter was injured when truck dropped into hole in road. Also need to contact 1st Lt. Hopkin, Lt. Lettinger, and Lt. Young, all at above station about July 1943. Write Elmer Richter, 876 Thomas Ave., St. Paul 4, Minn.

Co. D, SATC, Cornell Unit, Ithaca, N. Y.—Urgently need to hear from men of this unit, particularly those who remember me being kicked in right side and hospitalized while suffering from influenza, Nov., 1918. Names remembered: Lieut. Sutherland, Pvt. Foster, Sutton, Richardson and Starbuck. Please write. John F. Riordan, C/O N.Y. Dept. of Mental Hygiene, 600 East 125th St., Ward 10, New York 35, N.Y.

Ward D3, Fleet Hospital 114, Samar, P.I.—Will anyone in this ward with me in August and September, 1945, or anyone who knows present address of Navy Nurse Evelyn Pabst, please write. Statements needed to establish claim. (Identification: I am the one who had the pet squirrel, "Frisky.") Write Edward W. Stewart, Box 6, Kiasimnee, Fla.

Battery B, 57th CA, Bermuda Base Command

(Continued on page 36)

JR. BASEBALL GRADS STAR IN LEAGUE OPENING GAMES

Opening day games in the Major Leagues this season proved again the valuable contribution American Legion Junior Baseball has made to the senior circuits. Of a total 185 players who saw action in the initial 1951 games, 90 were former members of American Legion Junior Baseball teams.

Eight of the sixteen starting pitchers got their start in the 25-year-old Legion youth program. They were evenly divided in the National and American Leagues.

Junior Baseball alumni performed yeoman service in the slugging department. Jensen of the Yankees, Ennis of the Phillies, Grasso for the Senators and Zarilla of the White Sox collected four of the six home runs clouted by members of the sixteen teams in their season openers.

Life Membership for Marse Henry

In recognition of outstanding services to The American Legion, both locally and national, Superior Court Judge Henry L. Stevens, Jr., Warsaw, North Carolina, Past National Commander, was presented a gold card of life membership in Charles R. Gavin Post No. 127, Warsaw. The presentation was made by 9th District Commander J. C. Page.

Judge Stevens was one of the organizers and Commander of the Charles R. Gavin Post in 1921. Two years later he was elected Department Commander of North Carolina, and in 1931, at Detroit, Michigan, was elected National Commander. He has served his State several years as a Judge, Superior Court.

Chase Heads Formosa Mission

Major General William C. Chase, currently heading the U.S. Military Advisory Mission to Chiang Kai-shek's Chinese Nationalist Army on Formosa, is the same Bill Chase who as a Brigadier General of the U.S. First Cavalry led a small detachment into Manila in one of the most daring operations of WW2. General Chase, a two-war veteran, got into the Army as a cavalryman in a Rhode Island National Guard unit in 1916.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

(Continued from page 35)

325th (Checkertail Clan) Fighter Group—6th annual reunion, entire group, Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 3-5; Hotel Statler. Write Boh Stransky, 753 Broadway, Buffalo 12, N. Y.

95th Evacuation Hospital, (WW2)—2nd biennial reunion, Cincinnati, Ohio, July 6-7; Gibson Hotel. Contact R. C. Seymour, 253 14th St., Barberton, Ohio.

Cos. A and B, 113th Ammunition Train, (WW1)—Annual reunion, City Park, Murray, Ky., Sept. 2. Details from J. H. Henley, Rt. 1, Murray, Ky. 729th Railway Operating Bn.—2nd annual reunion, Ft. Wayne, Ind., Sept. 21-22; Hotel Keenan. Info from A. H. Colello, Secy.-Treas., 1426 1st Ave., Altona, Pa.

711th and 791st Railway Operating Bns.—Reunion, Cleveland, Ohio, Sept. 21-22; Hotel Hennenden. For info write Harry Lepine, 107 W. 1st St., Fond du Lac, Wis., or Howard Lamprecht, 1621 S. High St., Columbus, Ohio.

Evacuation Hospital No. 8, AEF—31st annual reunion, New York City, in October. Contact Herman C. Idler, Secy., 1500 E. Susquehanna Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., for complete details.

Co. K, 110th Infantry, 28th Div., (WW1)—Permanent reunion date, first Saturday after Labor Day at Waynesburg, Pa. Write Ernest O. Clayton, President, Waynesburg, Pa.

163rd Infantry, 41st Division—5th annual reunion, Great Falls, Mont., Sept. 14-16. Details from Glenn O. Stockdale, 715 N. 32nd, Billings, Mont.

39th Combat Engineers Group—4th annual reunion, Kokomo, Ind., Sept. 1-3; Hotel Frances. Contact Charles G. Callahan, 1736 6th St. N.W., Washington, D. C., or John Serrin, 308 E. Sycamore St., Kokomo, Ind.

Co. B, 157th Engineers (C) Bn.—Annual reunion, Pittsburgh, Pa., Aug. 11. Write Robert F. Seiler, 931 Gaskill Ave., Jeannette, Pa.

521st Clr. and 694th Amb. Cos.—5th annual reunion, Camp Perry, Clarks Mills, Pa., (intersection St. Rt. 358 and U. S. 19), Aug. 12. Details from Floyd Barber, Union City, Pa.

56th Pioneer Infantry Assn., (WW1)—National reunion, Smithfield, N. C., August 4-5; headquarters Gabriel Johnston Hotel. Info from W. M. Gaskin, President, Smithfield, N. C.

Battery D, 579th AAA AW Bn., (SP)—Reunion, Chicago, Ill., July 1-4. Details from Marshall Ruff, 1347 W. Greenleaf Ave., Chicago 26, Ill.

Co. A, 128th Infantry, 32nd Division—20th reunion, Reedsburg, Wis., July 28-29. Contact A. F. Prange, Secy.-Treas., Reedsburg, Wis.

669th Bomb Sqdrn., 416th Bomb Group—3rd annual reunion, Pittsburgh, Pa., first week-end in August. Write Dolphus Whitten, Jr., Henderson State Teachers College, Arkadelphia, Ark.

102nd Cavalry, 38th Cavalry, 117th Cavalry, (and all others formerly with these organizations)—Reunion, Newark, N. J., October 6; Robert Treat Hotel. Details from Roland Beetham, Armory, 500 Rahway Ave., Westfield, N. J.

178th Quartermaster Co.—4th annual reunion, Dayton, Ohio, Sept. 1-3. Info from Jack Thrush, 2937 Woodway Road, Dayton, Ohio.

314th Infantry Assn., (WW2)—Reunion, Chicago, Ill., July 27-29; Sheraton Hotel. Contact Charles Caputo, 7505 Kenwood Ave., Chicago, Ill. 553rd C. B. M. U.—2nd Reunion, Washington, D. C., Sept. 1-3. Write William H. Gibson, 3100 Mass. Ave. S.E., Washington 19, D. C.

Co. G, 152nd Infantry, 38th Div., (WW2)—Reunion, New Castle, Ind., Aug. 25-26. Write Franklin Retz, 1620 Q Avenue, New Castle, Ind.

X-Eglin Field Wartime WACs—4th annual national reunion, Minneapolis, Minn., Aug. 17-19; Dykeman Hotel. Info from Muriel Diamond, Secy., 2329 Huskey, Garland, Texas, or "Cyclone" Dahlgren, 5038 Sixth St., N.E., Minneapolis, Minn.

817th Tank Destroyer Bn.—Annual reunion, Elmira, N. Y., June 2; Langwell Hotel. Info from William B. Ryan, 206 Kellogg St., Syracuse, N. Y.

THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA MARCH 31, 1951

ASSETS	
Cash on hand and on deposit.....	\$ 762,541.84
Receivables	877,050.84
Inventories	429,764.58
Invested Funds	667,477.23
Permanent Trusts:	
Overseas Graves Decoration	
Trust Fund	\$ 251,853.20
Employees' Retirement	
Trust Fund	1,220,676.74
Real Estate, less depreciation....	751,726.68
Furniture and Fixtures, less	
depreciation	306,444.42
Deferred Charges	58,979.34
	<u>\$5,326,514.87</u>

LIABILITIES, DEFERRED REVENUE AND NET WORTH	
Current Liabilities	\$ 186,017.21
Funds restricted as to use	469,331.31
Deferred Income	1,337,936.99
Permanent Trusts:	
Overseas Graves Decoration	
Trust	\$ 251,853.20
Employees' Retirement	
Trust	1,225,019.56
Net Worth:	
Restricted Capital:	
Reserve Fund	23,464.13
Restricted Fund	16,798.04
Reserve for construction of	
Washington	
office	786,551.66
Real Estate	80,000.00
	<u>906,813.83</u>
Unrestricted Capital:	
Surplus	254,369.73
Excess of Income over Expense	
3 months	695,173.04
	<u>1,856,356.60</u>
	<u>\$5,326,514.87</u>

COMRADES IN DISTRESS

(Continued from page 35)

—Urgently need to contact officers and enlisted men who served with me on Coopers Island. Robert C. Lee, 1850 Bernard Pl., Dallas, Texas. Battery F, 72nd FA, (WW1)—Need to hear from anyone who served with me and who may recall my leg injuries. Joseph B. Wagner, 135 Cunningham, Vallejo, Cal.

Hdqrs. Battery, 368th FA, 98th Inf. Div.—Will William Hungerford, William Doughton or other members of the cadre transferred to 862nd FA Bn., 63rd Inf. Div., please write. Need help to prove claim. Joseph Fleming, Highland St., Flemington, Mass.

258th Ordnance Evacuation Co.—Urgent; will Capt. Paul S. Morrison please write Renzo M. Poeta, 37 Acorn St., New Britain, Conn. Claim pending.

MTC Reconstruction Park 772, Verneuil, France, (WW1)—Need to hear from men who were assigned to crane detail, above station. Claim pending. Clarence Howell, 409 National Road, Richmond, Ind.

Troop C, 16th Cavalry, Mercedes, Texas—Need to hear from men who served with me 1917; ten transferred to Mounted MP Co. A, detached for service with 3rd Div. Claim pending. Frank Zebrak, Box 352, Harmarville, Pa.

USS San Juan or USS Dixie—Shipmate needs help badly; will anyone who knows about a head injury suffered by William T. Kellie please write. Believe injury occurred in 1942 in Guadalcanal or in or about Subic Bay. Thomas B. Egan, Dept. Adjt. and Service Officer, American Legion, Dravo Bldg., Wilmington, Del.

Co. L, 27th Infantry—Urgently need to hear from Pvt. J. Greenstein, Pvt. Frank Werkstein and any others who know of my accident in 1916 when I fell into the shaft of the USAT Logan when enroute to the Philippines with the Regiment. Write Joseph Kacsandi, Sr., 9529 Lamontier Ave., Cleveland 4, Ohio.

Geiger Field Military Police—Will men who served with Glenn Mead in 1945 please write; particularly Pfc. Rambo, Cpl. Arnold, and Sgt. Mantle. Statements needed. Worth White, Service Officer, Roger Potwin Post No. 1419, American Legion, Ellington, N.Y.

Co. A, 59th Infantry, (WW1)—Men who remember head injury suffered by Raymond Hiram Stimson in May, 1919, are urgently requested to write. Help needed. Believe following officers and men may be able to help: Lts. A. A. Arnett, F. E. Arnett, Albert Roberts, William M. Bell, H. M. McCoy; Pvts. John Stuppy and Paul R. Scott. Write Raymond F. Shear, Service Officer, Court House, Belmont, N.Y.

Presque Isle, Maine, Air Base—Important that I locate man on duty at radio tower June 26, 1943, when my son, Lt. Bertrand N. Robertson, was killed in takeoff. Write Neil A. Robertson, P. O. Box 194, Derby, Maine.

Co. B, 10th Infantry, 5th Div. (WW2)—Men who served in Rhineland and Central Europe with Robert D. O'Brien, please write; urgent, assistance needed. Harry J. O'Brien, 3 Raymond St., New Britain, Conn.

LSM 130—Will shipmates who know of serious fall suffered by me aboard ship in June, 1945, please write. Statements needed. Irving G. Pennini, (Fireman 1/c), 143 Pleasant St., Rockland, Mass.

Co. C, 52nd Armd. Inf. Bn., 9th Armd. Div.—Urgently need help to establish claim; will any comrade who served overseas with me, or in the Battle of the Bulge and taken prisoner, please write. Orville Warken, P. O. Box 506, Castroville, Cal.

Camp Pickett, Va.—Urgently need to locate Pfc. Alfred Rigbsie, Pfc. Thomas E. Davis and T/5 Julien H. Bertson who witnessed last will and testament of Frederick Bernard Fidele at Camp Pickett on Jan. 1, 1944. Two of witnesses must be located in order to probate will. Write Arthur J. Prindle, Attorney, 145 Main St., Nyack, N.Y.

Co. B, SATC, Auburn, Ala., 1918—Anyone who knows the whereabouts of Lt. Thompson and Pvt. Vickers or knows of my foot trouble, please write. P. D. Beverett, Box 118, Vernon, Fla.

Philippine Guerrillas, WW2—Need to locate Capt. Alfred D. Bruce, organizer of Bruce Guerrillas in Northern Luzon. Statement for Army pay needed. Felipe D. Toletino, (former Capt., USA, FIP-NL), C.A.T., San Miguel, Tarlac, P. I.

US Pompey, Cavite, P. I.—Need to locate men who served with me Jan. to June, 1919, especially PM/1 Peter J. Horley who treated me for injuries aboard ship. Crew members remembered: Lt. Pippo, Chief Paulson, Neighbors, Pickins, Grove, Hannigan and Halligan. Write Henry J. Hetrick, 224 Shelton St., Chadron, Neb.

Casuals Returning to U.S. From ETO on Green Project—Will anyone who was in C-47 cargo plane carrying 22 officers and enlisted men from Natal, Brazil, to Miami Beach, which hit an air pocket near mouth of Amazon morning of August 22, 1945, please write. Claim pending. Wayne L. Skow, Frederick, S. Dak.

USS Mississinewa, (AO 59)—Urgently need to contact shipmates from Dec., 1943, to Dec., 1945; statements needed for claim. Will S1/c Paul Kinzer, P. T. Upchurch, Ed Kinsler, "Mac" McGarrity, MM3/c Bill York, and S1/c Barrentine please write. Louie K. McLaughlin, Hamilton, Ga.

Veterans Newsletter

A digest of events which are likely
to be of personal interest to you

June, 1951

LAPSED VET POLICIES DIE UNDER NEW BILL:

If and when President Truman signs H. R. 1 into law he will slam the door on the reinstatement of insurance rights of millions of veterans of WW1 and WW2. ...The bill denies immediately the right of vets of both wars to obtain new USGLI or NSLI in cases where they have never applied for insurance.... Also denies insurance to the full amount of \$10,000 if they have less than \$10,000 and have never applied for more.... They would also be denied insurance in cases where the previous term policy lapsed during the initial term of the contract.... The bill does not affect USGLI and NSLI now in force, on which premiums are being regularly paid.... Neither does it deprive those who permitted their policies to lapse during the term of the current contract from reinstating, if otherwise qualified.

First legislative step to eliminate insurance for war veterans, bill provides "death indemnity" of \$10,000 for all service personnel subsequent to June 27, 1950--(to cover the "police action" in Korea).... While this indemnity is provided without cost to the service personnel during their period of service, no provision is made for continuing insurance after discharge unless they are uninsurable with private companies because of service-connected diseases or injuries.... The Legion's bill (S. 84)-- which was rejected for H. R. 1--provided for automatic insurance for all those in service who died or were killed after June 27, 1950, and who were without Government insurance.... This bill also provided that Korean vets be given the same insurance privileges as were extended to the veterans of the two previous wars, and that the present NSLI provisions for the latter group be retained.

Millions of WW1 and WW2 vets are directly affected by this legislation.... VA says it has no way of telling how many lapsed term policies will be wiped out, nor how many vets will be denied the right to apply for new insurance.... Some 21,000,000 NSLI policies were issued during WW2--of these 6,700,000 are still in force.... When bill was sent to President Truman, National Commander Cocke sent a warning broadcast over the country, pointing out that reinstatement rights and the right to apply for new insurance was imperiled.... As a result, VA Insurance Divisions was flooded with applications for reinstatements.... Best advice to insured vets--KEEP YOUR PREMIUMS PAID: DON'T LET YOUR USGLI OR NSLI LAPSE.

LAST CHANCE FOR GI BILL EDUCATION OR TRAINING:

The July 25 deadline for starting GI Bill courses of education and training for most veterans is just two months away.... WW2 vets who want to take advantage of this benefit must act quickly--July 26 will be too late.... The July 25 date, established by law, will bar the last chance for vets to enter or re-enter GI Bill training.... Vet must actually be in training by the deadline if he wants to continue afterwards.... VA will consider him in training, even though he has temporarily interrupted his course for the summer vacation or for other reasons

beyond his control, such as re-entry into the military service.

Once a vet completes or discontinues his program of training after the cut-off date, he may not start another course.... Also, he must meet these requirements: He will be expected to pursue his training "continuously until completion, except for conditions which normally would cause interruption by any student.".... He may change his educational objective "only while in training and then for reasons satisfactory to the Administrator."

The July 25 out-off date applies to WW2 vets discharged before July 25, 1947.... Vets discharged after the 1947 date have four years from the date of discharge in which to begin GI Bill training.... Most vets in both groups, however, must finish training by July 25, 1956, wind-up date of the entire program. ...An exception has been made for those who enlisted or re-enlisted under the Armed Forces Voluntary Recruitment Act (between October 6, 1945, and October 5, 1946).... Vets in that class have four years from the end of their enlistment or re-enlistment period in which to start training, and nine years from that time in which to complete it.

POW CLAIM DEADLINE EXTENDED:

President Truman has signed S. J. Resolution 40 extending the period for filing claims by WW2 prisoners of war and their dependents from February 28, 1951, to March 31, 1952.... Several thousand WW2 vets and dependents have thus far failed to file claims--many because of lack of knowledge of the War Claims Act.

NAVY POLICY ON RECALL OF RETIRED OFFICERS:

Bureau of Naval Personnel clarifies policy of ordering retired officers to active Naval service. ...No retired officers are being involuntarily ordered into active Naval service.... However, a limited number of younger retired officers who volunteer and who have special qualifications are being ordered back into uniform.... In general, no officers retired for physical reasons, or who are members of the Fleet Reserve, or who are more than 51 years of age, are being recalled.

FOURTH CITATION FOR FIRST MARINE DIVISION:

The Presidential Unit Citation has been awarded to the 1st Marine Division for service in Korea from September 15 to October 11, 1950, during the Inchon-Seoul campaign.... It is the fourth such award of the blue, gold and red horizontal striped ribbon to this Division.... Previous awards were for the Guadalcanal, Peleliu, and Okinawa campaigns, following the first award of the Presidential Unit Citation to the defenders of Wake Island in WW2.... 1st Gyrenes who have returned stateside may wear the ribbon with a bronze star.

PHILIPPINE BURIAL ALLOWANCE:

Burial allowance for certain Filipino veterans of WW2 is authorized in a bill passed by both Houses of Congress.... Legion-supported, the measure awaits the signature of the President to become law.

THREE RIBBONS FOR KOREAN WAR PHASES:

Korean war has been divided into three campaigns for the purpose of determining credits for campaign ribbons....First campaign designated "United Nations Defensive" lasted from June 27 through September 15, 1950....Second campaign running through November 2 is called "United Nations Offensive"....Third phase is called "Communist China Forces Intervention," starting November 3 and lasting to a date still to be announced.

NSLI DIVIDEND PAYMENTS STARTED:

Payment of the 685-million NSLI dividend will proceed according to plan is the last word received from Washington, first checks starting out on April 23....Suggestion that the payment be deferred, made by some Government officials on the plea that it might spiral inflation, has been rejected by the Office of Defense Mobilization....Payment originally scheduled to begin in early April was held up for "technical reasons"....Payments will be made in routine according to anniversary date of policies held--January go out first; December policies will be last to be paid.

"ABOVE AND BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY":

First Navy Medal of Honor awarded for conspicuous gallantry in the Korean war was awarded to Lt. Thomas J. Hudner, Fall River, Massachusetts, Navy pilot....The 26-year-old pilot crash-landed in enemy territory in a futile attempt to rescue a Negro squadron mate who had been shot down....Presentation was made at the White House by President Truman on April 13....Lt. Hudner is the first man to receive the highest American war decoration in person for service "above and beyond the call of duty" in the Korean war....Army has awarded nine Medals of Honor, all posthumously if it turns out that Major General William F. Dean, missing in action, is dead as believed....The eighth MH of the Army was awarded Corporal Mitchell Red Cloud, Jr., Friendship, Wisconsin, who gave his life to slow down an attack, while his company regrouped and evacuated the wounded....Ninth went to Private Joseph R. Queller, Lowell, Massachusetts, Company H, 9th Infantry, who repeatedly risked his life for his comrades and was killed in a conspicuous act of gallantry on September 3....The Medal of Honor is not lightly given: 427 men received the decoration in WW2....The Army awarded 253....The Navy Medal of Honor was given to 57 in the Navy; 37 in the Air Force; 79 in the Marine Corps, and one in the Coast Guard.

TRAINING OF GUARDSMEN A NATIONAL MUST:

An appeal has been made to American business and industry to further the national defense effort by helping employees who are National Guardsmen to attend field training this summer....Major General Raymond H. Fleming, Acting Chief, National Guard Bureau, has asked all business firms which do not yet have military leave policies to make a special effort this year to help the Guardsmen attend camp....Business leaders have cooperated with the Guard in the past through granting liberal leave....Many leading firms grant full leave with pay for the two-week camp period without loss of regular vacation time or pay...."It is important to our country's security that every National Guardsman possible receive the invaluable full-time training provided by summer encampment," said General Fleming...."There is no substitute for this experience which rounds out the training taken in the armory during the year. The goal for 1951 is 100 percent attendance. Last year 92 percent of the men were able to make camp. With the full cooperation of business and industry we can reach our goal."

MICHIGAN VOTES BONUS FOR KOREAN CASUALTIES:

At the spring elections, the voters of Michigan approved a referendum to pay a bonus of \$500 to the immediate dependents of servicemen killed in Korea....Payments are to be made from the State WW2 bonus fund....Only bona fide residents are eligible.

NO BONUS ACTION IN MARYLAND:

Maryland Legislature adjourned without taking final action on a bonus payment for WW2 veterans of that State....Issue has been a live one in Maryland through several legislative sessions....No agreement by both Houses could be reached.

NEW ECONOMY ACT SHAPING UP:

Legion's Legislative Commission warns of new and ominous signs of economy planning that endanger benefits to veterans now authorized by law....Commission points to the Report of the Joint Committee on the Economic Report (published as Senate Report No. 210, April 2, 1951) as a signal of coming attacks on vet benefits....This report cites "selected cases where changes in legislation would effect economies" such as:....(a) Objective means test to determine whether or not a vet is entitled to treatment in a VA hospital, i.e. probably use of pauper's oath in non-service-connected cases....(b) Rescind already authorized \$500 million VA hospital construction program on premise that there are already enough beds to care for service-connected cases....(c) Eliminate dental care for veterans after a specified period after discharge, contrary to present regulations which authorize dental treatment for service-connected conditions....(d) Establish income limitations for all veterans. Redefine income concept. Reduce pensions as income approaches limits. Disallow presumption of total disability with less than 40 percent disability....(e) The value of on-the-farm training is doubtful. Short of eliminating it, determine the amount of subsistence payments on basis of total income....(f) Abolish first year interest payments which VA now makes on the loans it guarantees....(g) Abolish payments for burial of veterans who do not die of service-connected causes or in VA facilities. (Government now contributes \$150 toward burial of a veteran in other than Government cemetery. Legion supported this legislation in order to insure that no veteran would be buried in a Potter's Field.)....Aside from proposal to wipe out the hospital construction program, the Committee estimates that the savings to the Government, if it reneges on the established programs enumerated above, would be \$516 million in 1952....Radical cuts, harking back to the "Economy League" days of 1933, are urged by anti-veteran groups....While these groups have not yet dared to attack the service-connected disabled, or service-connected dependents, bitter experience of the past and an analysis of present propaganda point to such attacks as not far in the offing.

SUBVERSIVE CONTROL ACT AMENDED:

New amendment to Subversive Activities Control Act (Public Law 14), signed by President on March 28, modifies original provisions to permit entry into the United States of certain aliens who were barred by a strict interpretation because of past affiliation with certain totalitarian groups....New bill permits entry of so-called "nominal" totalitarians who were listed as members when under 16 years of age....Those who were forced to join, and those who had to join to obtain food, clothing or similar necessities....The bill in no way authorizes entry of outright communists, or those who joined totalitarian groups of their own free will....About 2,000 war brides are affected, as well as some 8,000 persons who were admitted to this country before the passage of the McCarran Act last fall.

**"At last I discovered the whiskey that
really tastes best to me..."**



1. "I THOUGHT I KNEW the whiskey I preferred, until a friend gave me this taste test between *my* brand and *his*—Calvert Reserve. He poured $\frac{1}{4}$ ounce of each whiskey into separate glasses, *without telling me which was which.*"



2. "HE ASKED ME TO SNIFF one brand for *aroma*. He told me to taste it critically for *smoothness*... to swallow carefully to judge its freedom from bite, burn or sting. Then he asked me to taste the other whiskey in the same *analytical* way."



3. "WHAT A DIFFERENCE! It was easy to pick the whiskey with the more tempting bouquet. And there was no doubt about which one had the *smoother, mellower* taste. I believe you, too, will be surprised at the *big difference* in whiskey taste."



4. CALVERT CHALLENGES COMPARISON! Why not make your own taste test today? We predict that you will pick the *smoother, mellower* taste of Calvert Reserve. But if you still prefer your present brand, stick with it. *Isn't that fair enough?*

It's smart to switch to Calvert

CALVERT RESERVE BLENDED WHISKEY—86.8 PROOF—65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK CITY

HELICOPTERS for HIRE

(Continued from page 21)

the dignified educator a memorable thrill.

Up one side of a tall building he flew, intending to skim over the flat roof, then straight down the other side. But instead of skimming, Watson and the president hovered pop-eyed while a flock of the university's fairest, like a covey of Sally Rand understudies caught with their fans down, shrieked and streaked for the nearest windows.

The president spoke not a word until the eggbeater had backed down and landed. Then, adjusting his hat and unbuckling his safety belt, he spoke primly to Watson: "I would suggest," he said, "that the identity of your passenger on this flight be kept forever a secret."

Aside from unpremeditated "Peeping Tom" activities, however, the helicopter is capable of highly effective missionary work. As, for example, when a WHO helicopter winged over a local churchyard recently to shower the congregation with messages in the form of flying saucers. Nothing surprises a helicopter pilot.

Not even the frantic call, last autumn, for WHO to pluck the sophomore class president of Fresno State College from the roof of a campus building, to prevent his abduction by milling freshmen and deliver him to the scene of an inter-class football game — thus preserving the sophomore honor. The rescue was promptly performed. Crazy? Perhaps. But also a convincing demonstration that nothing is a helicopter's equal in snatching hapless humans from the edge of disaster.

Twice, when other methods have failed or been ruled out, Jay Demming has gone in to whisk injured persons from mountain fastnesses.

The first snatch was made from the 8,100-foot-high Benson Lake area in the Sierras of Yosemite National Park. There, 12-year-old Terence Hallinan, son of a San Francisco attorney, had fallen from

his horse during a pack trip and fractured his skull. A doctor who made a 12-hour dash by horse from the nearest road pronounced him too gravely hurt to be carried over the tortuous mountain trails. Coast Guard and Air-Sea Rescue helicopters were called upon, and one of the outfits made a vain attempt to lift over the 10,000-foot peaks that encircled the area.

Then, early in the morning, when mountain winds are tamed and the air is cold and gives the most lift, Demming took off. He made it over the high peaks without incident and the round trip, ending with "Kayo" Hallinan's delivery to a hospital, took exactly 56 minutes.

Not long after the Hallinan rescue, a Mrs. Warren McKay of Sacramento, California, fell from her horse in Blue Creek Canyon, high in the Sierras east of Fresno and 29 miles from the nearest auto road. A painful hip injury made it impossible for her to walk or ride a horse.

Again Demming had to clear more than 10,000 feet to reach and remove the accident victim. But this time he had to fly his passenger out from an altitude of 8,500 feet, 400 feet higher than before, chalking up what is believed to be the highest helicopter rescue on record.

Jay Demming, a long and lean (six feet, 140 pounds), driving individual, has been dealing in the unusual for nearly a decade now. Early in World War II, with a pilot's license and a brand-new degree in aeronautical engineering from the University of Illinois, he went to Malton, Ontario, not far from his home town of Niagara Falls, N. Y., as a civilian flight instructor in the RCAF. A year later he was hired as a test pilot by Bell Aircraft. There he pocketed Helicopter Pilot License Number 7, then Jet Helicopter Pilot License Number 4. He test-flew the NC-1H, first Bell helicopter, and the XP-59, Bell's

first jet airplane and first jet built in the United States, along with many test flights in the propeller-driven P-39, P-63 and other experimental and prototype models.

Although other pilots may have more hours in rotary-wing aircraft than Demming's 1,500-odd, few share his variety of experiences in them. In the spring of 1945, during the Army's Operation Frigid, he test-flew helicopters for five weeks in Alaska, through temperatures often lower than minus 50 degrees Fahrenheit.

He was the first man to fly a commercial crop-dusting helicopter. He originated many of the maneuvers through which rotary-wing dusters out-perform fixed-wing aircraft in getting the stuff onto every plant in every corner of a field.*

In 1945 he flew Dr. Hans Lundberg, internationally known geophysicist, on searches for precious metals, their helicopter equipped with a special nose boom containing a magnetometer the doctor had devised. On cross-country junkets for both Bell and Hiller, Demming has flown oil-well-drilling equipment into impassable marshes, helped capture the last of the whooping cranes, hover-hunted alligators from the air and discovered that there is nothing to equal a helicopter for running down such pests as jack rabbits and coyotes.

Demming knows his way around in fixed-wing craft, too. At the 1947 National Air Races at Cleveland, Demming flew a souped-up P-39 to place third in the Thompson Trophy Race, closely challenging the two lead planes — Corsairs — each with a rated horsepower 2,000 higher than that of the Airacobra Demming flew.

It was in the fall of 1948 that Demming and Watson and Bud Moulton came together and the beginnings of WHO were planted. Demming and Watson were test pilots, Moulton an expeditor and sub-contract arranger, for boy-wonder Stanley Hiller, Jr., president of Hiller Helicopters, Inc.

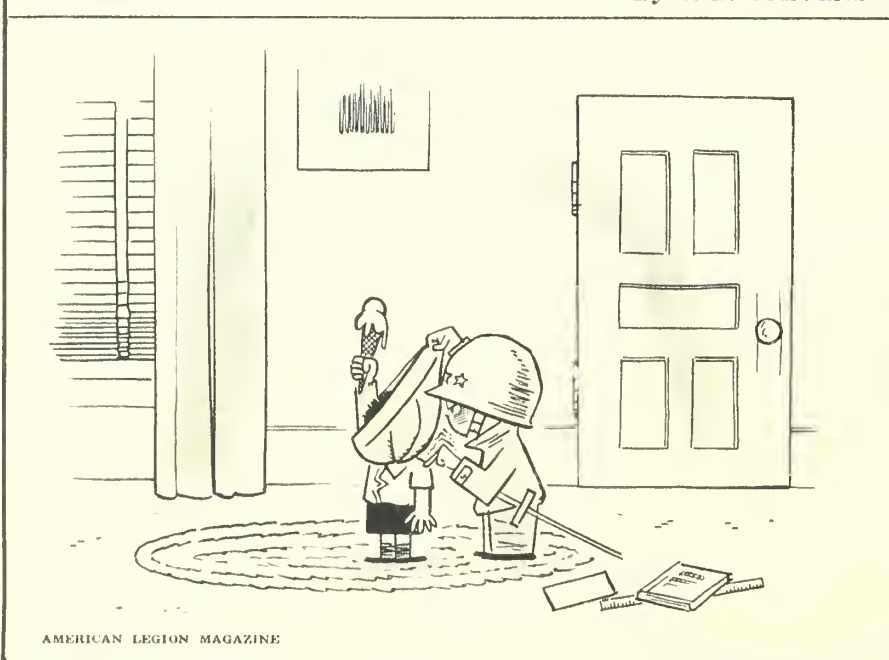
Tall, dark, erect Watson had been a first lieutenant in the Army Air Corps, based at Wright Field. His specialty had been performance-test flying. Besides around 1,000 hours in B-26's and an impressive total in A-26's, he had logged time in almost everything else the Army or Navy had to offer. Approximately the 40th pilot in the world to be checked out in helicopters (he now has around 1,100 hours in them), he had been in charge of accelerated-service tests on the Sikorsky R-6, during which two of them were flown to rickety old age in a grueling two weeks. Like Demming, Watson knew scientific procedure; he had graduated from California Polytechnical Institute, at his home town of San Luis Obispo, as an electrical engineer.

Moulton, a pink-cheeked lad with a quick, boyish air, had spent a couple of years of World War II in a combat-engineer detachment as a T-5 corporal in

* While an airplane spends 85 percent of its time in turns and flying back and forth to suitable landing spots for reloading and refueling, a helicopter spends 85 percent of its time planting its load.

GENERAL MISCHIEF

By S. B. STEVENS



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

charge of an assault boat. Then he had been sent back from France to become a cadet at West Point. After three months there, illness had forced him to resign his appointment. Well again, he had entered Stanford University at Palo Alto, California, where he finally took his degree in economics. Immediately thereafter he went to work for Hiller.

So, as the three men worked together, the WHO idea began to shape itself. Finally, a little more than a year ago, holding the franchise for Hiller sales and service in the Fresno area, Western Helicopter Operations, Inc. began to function. Within six months the \$80,000 corporation was in the black.

Because WHO's primary business is agricultural, the men have had to become quasi-specialists in entomology, agronomy and kindred subjects. Their price per helicopter hour varies from a minimum flat fee of \$50 for the quickest, easiest flight to something over \$100 per hour for highly hazardous operations. For \$50 an hour Demming or Watson will teach you how to fly a wandering windmill. But don't expect to become an accomplished stump jumper in one easy lesson—it may be true that anyone can hover a helicopter in a few minutes, but it takes an average of 12 hours before solo, then many more flying hours before you're anywhere near competency in all situations.

There are growing groups of ranchers who consider WHO the miracle-workers of the west. Take the fresh-vegetable ranchers of Half Moon Bay, below San Francisco. Aphides were sucking the crops to ruin, and even fixed-wing spraying had had little effect. Then WHO began operations, and in a few months' time had wiped out the hordes of bugs.

Other ranchers have had their ripe cherries and grapes, about to split when wet by unseasonal rains and then shone on by a bright sun, dried swiftly by the powerful down-wash of WHO helicopters. And the harvest of figs, wherein hand picking neglects the ripe fruit on high branches, has been successfully accomplished by the blast from a hovering helicopter.

During nighttime or daytime dusting operations, Nick or one of the other mechanics is always near with the supply trailer and one of the yellow pickup trucks. Filling the dusting hoppers that stand out like gopher pouches on the sides of the helicopter fuselage sifts dust on the men and their clothing. On spray jobs, the mist from the horizontal, antenna-like pipes that jut from either side of the craft seeps into hair and cloth and skin.

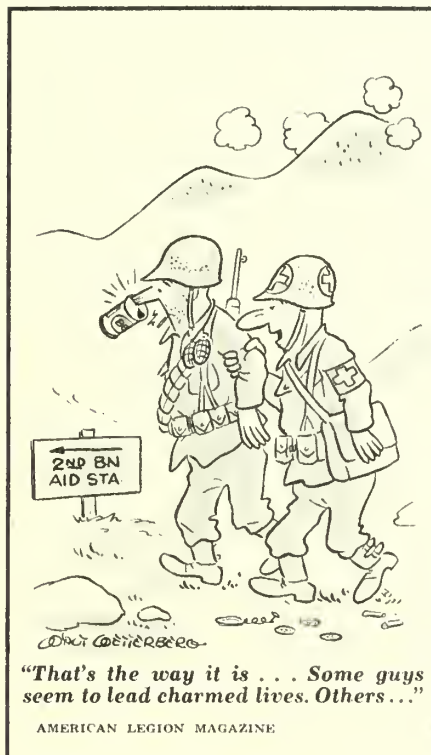
Thus during crop season, powerful scents follow the men everywhere. At home or in restaurants their silverware turns black from sulphur fumes. If they have been spreading fertilizer, patrons at nearby tables move away soon after the men sit down. Once, reeking of 2-4D and registering in a hotel, the men were addressed respectfully as "Doctors" by the desk clerk.

While dusting and spraying may be their primary agricultural work, WHO helicopters have been called upon to aid in the snow-water forecasts that are an

important factor to ranchers everywhere in the West.

The Hallinan rescue, for example, brought a contract from the Pacific Gas and Light Company and the State of California for WHO helicopters to take over the Sierra snow surveys previously made by hydrographers on skis or snowshoes.

Once, while waiting for a flight rendezvous with Demming and the hydrographers, Watson landed his ship on a smooth crown of snow-crust that covered a small mountain meadow. He stepped from the ship, took a few steps and dropped through the crust up to his armpits. He had landed on a thin shell of snow tented eight or ten feet from the ground by a precarious network of manzanita branches!



Slowly, testing the snow carefully around him and expecting to see the ship drop out of sight at any moment, he slid himself out of the hole. Then, stepping as though he were walking on eggs, he reached the ship, got it started, and took off—just as it began to crunch through the crust.

Mountain flying, winter or summer, is a tricky operation. Devilish drafts whirl up and down canyons and curl over ridges. Treacherous eddies and twisting currents can slap aircraft into rock walls or down into spiking timber. And always, at altitudes near its service ceiling, the lifting members of an aircraft—whether they are wings or rotor blades—are biting at thin air with lessened lift.

The precariousness of mountain flying is magnified during the fighting of forest fires. Last summer, through some of the worst fires of California's history, Jay Demming and Harry Watson, nearly always with one of their crewmen along, flew for long periods.

At the Porterville fire, where it took a man many hours to ride in by horse,

Watson ferried in 30 men in a total time of one hour and forty minutes. At the Pine Ridge fire, east of Santa Maria, after patrolling the perimeter of the fire and checking on the safety of ground firefighting crews, he was signaled down to pick up a bulldozer operator who had been horribly scalded when the radiator of his machine blew up.

The man had already been given emergency first aid, but the field doctor gave him only a 20 percent chance of recovery. Without helicopter transport, the burned man faced a three-mile litter trip to the nearest fire trail, then a six-mile truck ride to the nearest base camp. From there he would still be separated from the nearest hospital by four hours and a jolting ambulance trip.

As it was, 30 minutes elapsed before the helicopter could be called. Six minutes later, Harry landed at the scene of the accident. In seven minutes the man was in base camp for a half hour of field medical treatment. From there, the 25-mile airlift to the Santa Maria hospital took exactly 25 minutes.

At the Big Sur Forest fire, along the rugged California coast west of King City, the ranger in charge told Demming that if he'd had another helicopter on the scene a day earlier he could probably have spotted enough men in strategic locations to hold the fire and prevent the holocaust that eventually took place.

One of the heliports from which Demming and Nick flew while working on the Big Sur fire was a rocky ledge 3,000 feet straight up a cliff from the waves of the Pacific. The two men were stranded there one day by the failure of their ship's generator. While a Forestry Service plane circled overhead, the men searched for a way to signal their needs to the plane.

Suddenly Nick rushed to the helicopter, which was loaded with food supplies. Back he ran, his arms loaded with cartons. And in a few minutes the circling plane was on its way to pick up the needed part—while Demming and Nick gathered up the dozens of strictly fresh eggs they had laid out to spell their message of distress.

No one can dispute the helicopter's unmatched worth in cheating death and disaster. Yet even in soberest straightaway flight, looking like a runaway electric fan, it still leaves laughter in its wake.

There was, for instance, the Sunday morning when Watson was rotoring slowly along Malibu Beach, admiring the lush homes with their plush interiors. As he approached one whose oceanward walls were entirely of glass, he could see a man within, comfortably sprawled in a deep chair, a newspaper held before him and the foot of one crossed leg bobbing up and down. As the rhythmic beat of the rotor blades reached the man through the glass, he lowered a corner of the paper, glanced out, then went back to his reading.

A moment later, however, he was on his feet, newspaper flung aside and mouth agape, struggling vainly to reach the window for a better look—all the while fighting frantically but futilely to dislodge a small wastebasket into which he had jammed his foot.

THE END

Two Killed, Two Injured

(Continued from page 19)

bewilderment. There were many like that in the Ohio town where the Alberts, the Evarts, the Jordans and Mrs. Martin lived. One of them said to me months after the funeral, still uncomprehending, "You know, Martha Martin was my dearest friend. We were all together that night. In fact, I'd talked to her just before she got into Frank's car and we made a date for the next day." She stopped a moment, remembering.

"That accident affected more people than any other accident we've ever had in our town. Everybody turned out for the funeral. I'd never been to one before. I'd never seen anyone dead before. Frank and Martha were both in the same funeral home. So we had it twice as bad. We had to look at one, then the other—our closest friends—dead.

"And the worst part is, it'll never be over. Just the other day, now more than a year after the accident, Frank's mother told me she'd got his notice from the draft board. There it was, in an official envelope, addressed to him just as though he were alive. She had to get his death certificate to prove he wasn't available. Lots of letters came for him and for Martha after they'd died. People forget how hard constant reminders like that can be for families, opening up the old scars.

"For weeks after Martha was buried, her mother kept finding things to remind her, all around the house, everywhere it seemed—little notes left in unexpected places. She used to do that. The night she was killed, she'd gone out in such a hurry she'd left the dirty dishes. So she had written little notes to her mother telling her she'd do the dishes when she got in—not to bother with them—don't go into the kitchen, mom—all that kind of thing—and then she'd tucked them in here and there all over the house just for

laughs for her mother. We thought we'd gathered all of them up but we missed some."

Still another heart-breaking aftermath to every car accident are the rumors that spread through a town afterward. Was the driver drinking? Was he speeding? Were the kids necking? One-armed driving, huh? It is especially easy for the careless and thoughtless to lay the blame on liquor in accidents involving young people. The Jordan family had to suffer that kind of rumor and innuendo. It did no good for the survivors to insist that they hadn't even been drinking beer. There were people who didn't believe them, who cited the earlier accident Frank Jordan had had as evidence that he was untrustworthy and unreliable. Frank is dead and out of range of such gossip, but his parents are painfully aware of it.

And what of the two who lived through the crash, Grace Albert and Larry Evart?

Today, more than a year after the accident, you'll still notice an after-effect in Larry. He has a nervous way of twitching, and he holds his head sideways. For a long time Larry couldn't work. Physically he seemed all right, but nothing seemed important to him, including his job. As for Grace, she still hasn't returned to her job.

"She's a bundle of nerves," a friend explained, "and only the other day she had a severe hemorrhage from her nose. You know, her nose was badly injured and they had to take a lot of stitches."

But something happened to both Grace and Larry that doesn't appear in any formal record. Among their friends it was known that they were practically engaged. That was understood from the time they were in high school. After the accident, though, there was a change in their feelings toward each other. It may be that

they reminded each other too strongly of the horrors they had experienced. Anyway, they saw less of each other and now Grace is marrying someone else, a man from out of town.

Compared to the human suffering, the cost of an accident is trifling. Still it can mount up to a staggering sum, giving point to what an insurance man said in discussing this accident: "Anyone who drives a car and doesn't carry \$50,000—\$100,000 liability these days is just plain crazy." This particular accident is estimated as follows:

Hospital expenses, doctors' bills, x-rays, etc., for the two injured..	\$2,000
Funerals and burial services for the two dead	2,000
Incidental expenses	1,000
Cost of wrecked car and replacement	5,000
Earning expectancies of the two 20-year-olds (45 years' expectancy each @ \$3,000 per annum)	270,000
Grand total	\$280,000

And that's just one of thousands of fatal accidents that take place in the U.S. every year. Statisticians have estimated the annual economic loss to the American people through motor accidents at \$2,500,000,000—or more than the cost of operating the entire public school system throughout the nation for a year.

What is frequently not understood by the average car owner or driver, however, is that he pays part of the cost of every accident, whether he himself is involved or not. You may be the most careful driver in the world, the most responsible person in your community; you may never be in an accident yourself and yet you pay for every accident. Car insurance rates are in direct proportion to the accident rate in a city or state. Therefore, the higher the total accident rate, the higher the individual insurance rates.

But here again there's more to it than appears on the surface. The big sums involved mean red tape, litigation, time lost and further pain for all those who are involved. In this case, the mother of the dead girl has started legal action against the parents of the dead boy for \$50,000. Unless there is a settlement out of court, this case will require a trial in which everyone concerned will have to live once again the agony of the accident. And there is an excellent likelihood that new frictions will be generated in the friendly little town.

Can any conceivable good come from all this? I put this question to a police official.

"It can have a good effect," he replied, "if all those who know of the case, and those who will read what you write about it, take the lesson to heart. And the lesson is simply that the person at the wheel of a car must realize the terrible responsibility he owes not just to himself and others in his own car, but to every car traveling the same road with him. And beyond that, he must keep in mind, always, that he has a responsibility to many others not in the car with him or even traveling that highway."

He went on to describe an experience that everyone has had. You drive along a highway and suddenly you are flagged down, to drive slowly past a smash-up.



"If you don't mind, sir, I'm just resting a moment!"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

As you crawl by you shudder at the sight of the blood on the pavement, the broken forms partly covered by coats, the dazed and bleeding survivors, and the twisted steel and broken glass that a few minutes before were cars.

You vow that you'll take it easy, and your foot is light on the accelerator. Then, as the road rolls beneath your car and the image of the wrecked cars and bodies fades, you find yourself moving faster, and faster. Eventually you find yourself behind a car that is moving too slowly. The road is narrow and there's a curve ahead. Still, a person can't spend all day crawling along behind such a slowpoke. You are doing 65 as you pass him right on the crest of the hill. Fortunately, this time, there's no car coming from the opposite direction. . . .

The next time, who knows? And where will it leave you? If you're doing 65 then, the chances are they'll find the steering wheel twisted down where it smashed your ribs and crushed your insides. You won't know it, but the intern riding the ambulance will barely look at you. He'll merely nod to the state trooper so he can get your name in the part of his report that deals with those killed.

Your friend sitting alongside you will have his name entered in the same section of the report. It will be easy to see what happened there. The glass didn't break but it looks like a spider web from the impact. And the poor fellow's scalp

is sheared away as cleanly as an old-time Comanche could do it.

The two girls in the back seat will eventually recover, though it's hard to believe it to look at those broken and twisted arms and legs. One of the girls, though, will frequently wish she had died because even months of plastic surgery won't do much to improve that ghastly scar from her eye to her chin. The other, after a month or two, won't show much outward sign of the crash.

It's just as well you won't be needing your car because its value will barely cover the cost of towing it away. And the car you hit head-on is in no better shape. Fortunately there was only one person in that car. They're putting him in the ambulance but anyone can see that it's a waste of time.

You had some insurance but it's only \$10,000. And the people involved in the accident, or their survivors, will bring suit against your estate for a total of \$300,000. Of course you didn't leave any such estate, but what you did leave won't do your widow and orphans any good when the final settlement is made.

If you think this is far-fetched, ask anyone who knows the score. Your insurance man can cite cases, and not just to scare you into buying insurance either. The police can tell you. Accident reports and court records will confirm it.

It can be your funeral—tomorrow—or the next day—or the next. Or it can be the

funeral of someone you love who trusted your judgment and skill enough to put his life in your hands. And then it will be *you—or your family*, if you die—who will have to start on this heart-breaking road of hospitals, funerals, insurance, law suits, newspaper stories; the road that winds on through years of grief and anxiety and complications.

Anyone can learn to drive a car and handle it reasonably well. But how many people can learn to handle themselves? How many can learn to control the impatience that makes them take a dangerous chance to save a few seconds' time, with the same ease they control the flow of gas to the engine? How many can brake the impulse that makes them cut out of a traffic line without signaling, as efficiently as they brake the car before a cop's up-lifted hand?

The clue to America's appalling automobile accident rate lies there, within the individual personalities of every one of the millions of licensed drivers. The responsibility for accident prevention, in the final analysis, lies not with the automobile designers, the safety organizations, the traffic engineers, the police. It lies with you—the individual driver. Are you going to assume your responsibility—or take needless chances with death? Will you wind up an insurance statistic because you couldn't learn to handle yourself? Thirty-five thousand Americans did last year.

THE END

The Greatest Cowboy of Them All

(Continued from page 17)

a young boy in Oklahoma, where my family moved from Tioga, Texas, my birthplace, Tom Mix was my favorite actor. I lived on a ranch and liked being around horses. But I always envied the exciting life that Tom Mix led on and off screen. Ranch life can be very dull, believe me.

I first met Tom Mix in 1933, when he was playing the Dill Bros.—Tom Mix Circus in Harrisburg, Ill. I was doing a singing and guitar act at a local theater. I went around to see him, and he seemed glad to meet me. He had heard some of my cowboy records, he told me, and liked them. I had just had an offer from Mascot Pictures to come to Hollywood and I asked Tom what he thought about them. He told me they were a good outfit and advised me to go to work for them.

A few months later, I went out to the Coast to work for Mascot, and looked up Tom Mix again. We started going around together and I got to know him very well. At the time he was in his early fifties and his movie career was slowing down.

I asked his advice as to whether I should stick to Westerns or try to become a singing star in regular pictures.

"Gene," he said, "the life of an ordinary star may only be five years. But a Western star can go on forever—it's like life insurance." It was good advice and I'm glad I took it.

Tom was a perfect physical specimen and kept himself in excellent condition. He was pretty tall, and had wide shoulders, a narrow waist and lean legs. His

face was swarthy—attributable to his part Indian ancestry, and it was highlighted by a prominent curved nose and a gash of a mouth.

Tom was mighty proud of his black head of hair which he always kept down with "stickum." "How kind the Lord has been to me," he used to say, "he's preserved my hair." To the day he died, his hair was jet black and he always looked as though he stepped out of a bandbox.

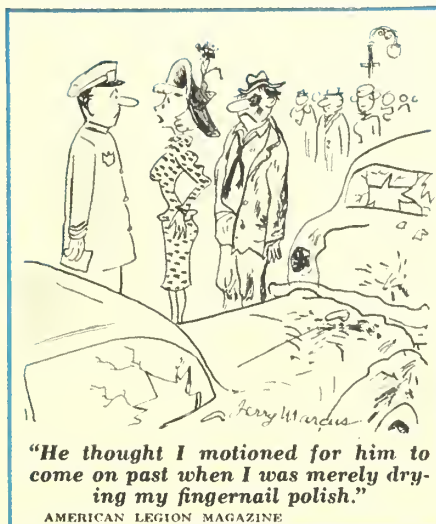
Tom was the first cowboy to go in for colorful clothing. He wore custom-tailored, fancy-embroidered silk shirts in pastel colors; purple and saddle-tan whipcord trousers, covered by wide, flapping leather chaps; and hand-sewn boots with

intricate silver filigree work. He wore a brilliant, wide belt studded with silver work and jewels; and when he went to parties, he always went formal—with a purple or white gabardine jacket.

Tom was a great story teller, but he was always minimizing his own exploits. He spoke careless-like, with plenty of cuss words and in a West-by-South-by-Pennsylvania Dutch twang with a slight Scotch burr. He was born, in 1882, of Scotch-Cherokee parents, in Dubois, Pennsylvania, and not near El Paso, Texas, as some accounts have said. He spoke away down low, like a minister intoning a funeral service. This was due to his being shot once in the goozle—the sound box.

It happened when he was a professional soldier with the U. S. Artillery in the Cuban fighting in 1898. He came out of the bloody battle unhurt, but when he started to round up a band of guerrillas, one of them shot at him as he called out to them to surrender. The bullet went right through his mouth and came out the back of his head. How he lived is a miracle but three months later he was fitter than a blue ribbon stallion, a tribute to his fine physical condition.

His next move was to Africa in 1899 to break in horses for the British Army to use in the Boer War. He got tired of that, so he gave exhibitions of riding and roping to British officers. Finally, he got into the fighting. His division was licked and he was taken prisoner of war. But he liked fighting so much that a little while later he entered the war again this time on the Boers' side.

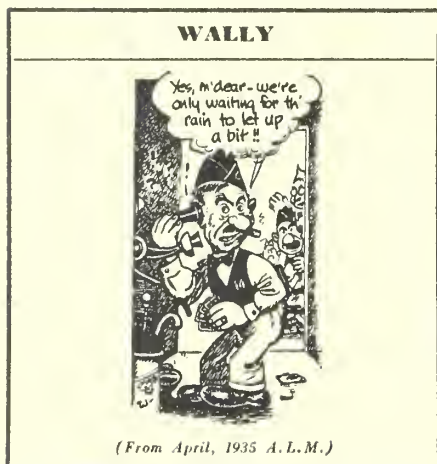


"He thought I motioned for him to come on past when I was merely drying my fingernail polish."

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

A short while after that, in 1900 he was seeing more action in the Philippines, and he was bored because it was raining all the time. He got involved in a couple of skirmishes. From there he went to China, also in 1900, to take part in cleaning up the situation created by the Boxer rebellion.

"I couldn't complain about bein' bored, there," he told me later. "During the siege



of Peking, I was guarding men at work on the railroad between Peking and Tientsin. All of a sudden, there was an explosion near me. My eyebrows and hair were hangin' down in front of my eyes, and blood was streaming all over my head. My scalp had been lifted better than a Comanche could do it, and it just flopped over. They stitched it back on again and now I'm as good as new."

He finally ran out of wars and settled in Texas. He became a Texas Ranger and held the job for three years. On this job he was critically wounded four times chasing desperadoes and picked up three slugs in his body which remained with him until his death.

He was very modest in telling how he captured the notorious Shonto brothers. They were a pair of outlaws who had terrorized half the population of New Mexico. There was a reward of \$750 for these desperadoes, so Mix went after them alone, and with only one gun. He cornered them in a little Indian village. An Indian woman shot Tom in the back, but he shot down the two killers.

After leaving the Texas Rangers, Tom drifted up and down the West. He took jobs as sheriff or marshal for a couple of counties and towns. Eventually, to make extra money, he entered rodeos and found that he could do better winning prizes in them than working as a law enforcer.

In 1908, he won the national championship at the Frontier Day celebration in Cheyenne, Wyoming. He was cashing his check at a bank when the president told him that a Chicago producer by the name of Col. William N. Selig was looking for a fellow who owned a small ranch to help make a movie. He dropped in to see Col. Selig in Chicago. Selig offered him \$100 a week. This was big money to Tom, who had never made more than \$50 a month, so he took it.

His first picture was an educational film on beef, and was shot on his own ranch with professional actors. He was only a

bit player and sort of technical adviser. "After the pitcher was over," he told me, "I jest nachally went back to my old pursuits. I found myself in the movies agin doin' ropin' and stunts with horses in Colorado. Then I quit again—or mebbe I was fired, I ferget which. Next thing I know I was down in Mexico with Old Blue." Old Blue was his first horse.

He fought in the first Mexican Revolution in 1911 under Francisco Madero. He took part in the capture of Juarez and was shot in the right leg and was eventually captured. He was sentenced to be shot and was actually up against a wall blindfolded, so he told me, when one of the officers who had testified against him changed his story.

"I allus wanted a military funeral, dang it," he told me, "and that was the closest I ever come to it."

Mix crossed back over the border and made his way to El Paso, where he got a wire from Selig, who had another part for him. He went to Chicago, where he learned that he was to double for an actor with a pretty face who was supposed to kill some wolves barehanded.

"You can't do that," Mix told them. "No one has ever killed wolves with his bare hands." But they offered him so much money he said he'd try. They rigged up a chute from the wolves' cage to a window, with a slot on the side so he could see them coming. As they popped out of the chute he grabbed one by the tail.

"It bit my wrist," he recalled, "but I held onto it. I swung it around, hitting its head on the ground. I stunned it and I thought I killed it. The hero came in, put his foot on the wolf's carcass, and started emotin' and making a speech when the wolf woke up and bit him."

In another picture, Tom saw a leopard go after the leading lady with his teeth, which was not in the script. He grabbed the snarlin' critter by the tail and wouldn't let go. He got clawed up something awful before someone else clubbed the animal unconscious.

One story he loved to tell was about the time he was supposed to be in a movie stagecoach race and the villain came up and cut the leaders. Tom climbed down on the wagon tongue, between the two wheel horses, and recaptured the leader. "While I was joggin' along astraddle that there wagon tongue," he recalled, "I wuz wonderin' to myself: Who the dang hill thought up this stunt. Then I recalled that I had worked it out when I was drummin' on the corral fence the previous Sunday."

It was stuff like this that made Tom the great performer that he was. He always gave a good show because he was swift on his feet, and leaped and dived and wrestled with his opponents with no attempt to take it easy.

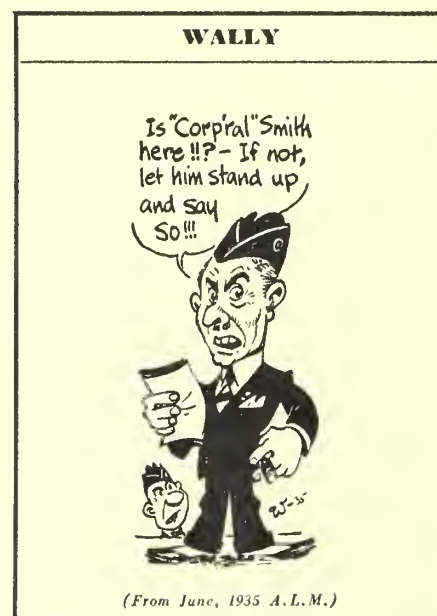
Tom Mix set the pattern for Western pictures which still holds. He never smoked, drank or gambled in his pictures. He never killed an animal unless his life was actually endangered. He always let the villain draw his gun first. And there was always a message in his stories. Incidentally, he was different from most movie cowboys—he was allowed to get his gal. That, probably, was one reason why

his pictures always played the big "A" theaters while most other Westerns stayed in the "B's."

There's a lot more to Tom Mix's fabulous story. I don't know it all, but what I do know convinces me he was the greatest cowboy of them all.

Apparently, many others felt this way, too, when in 1936 he was stricken with appendicitis, and peritonitis developed. He was given up for lost, and the whole world mourned. Millions anxiously watched the bulletins announcing his failing condition. But his tremendous stamina and fighting spirit won out—he was high indestructible—and he survived.

He owned several cars, and was fond of speeding along in a fancy job with pony skin upholstery. In June, 1944, he was riding along Red Rock Road between Florence, Arizona, and Tucson, on which my own ranch faces. There had been heavy rains and the road was flooded. He came to a section where they were digging out a culvert to drain off the rain, and a



barricade had been put up to stop motorists. Tom was going so fast, he didn't see the barricade in time and plowed right through it. But his number wasn't up this time, and he came through with only a few bruises.

But on October 12th, Columbus Day, of the same year, he was zipping along the same road under practically the same circumstances. He was on his way to the Coast from El Paso, where he had gone to see our old friend Ken Maynard perform in a circus. He wanted to stop at Tucson to see Ed Eckles, the sheriff, a long-time friend. He went through another barricade, only a few hundred yards from the scene of the first crash—and this time, the double-O showed up and he cashed in his chips.

It may sound corny, but he actually died with his boots on. This was what he wanted, but he never expected it to be in an automobile accident. It would have broken his stout heart to know that when they picked him out of the wreckage, his slick shock of hair was all mussed up and muddy.

THE END

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The Man Who Deserved Death

(Continued from page 13)

the Old Man in a couple of Scotch rages in my time, and half-expected to see one now. But his face was impassive.

"Captain Hilliard," he said evenly, "the General has made no particular accusation. Consequently you have not charged the General with being a liar.

"I do not know which of you is the traitor"—his voice trembled on the word—"but one of you is. This is probably a waste of time, but I shall give that person one chance. If he will advance a pace I shall permit him to execute himself and pledge myself to report him killed in action."

I held my breath. So, I guess, did the rest of them. Nobody moved. I suppose it was stupid to expect anything else.

"Colonel Detrick," asked the General, "are you prepared to give your life for your country?"

"In line of duty, yes sir."

"Major Nevers?"

"Yes, sir."

"Captain Hilliard?"

"Yes, sir."

"Captain MacIan?" My throat was dry but I managed.

"Yes, sir."

"Lieutenant Wood?"

The boy seemed to hesitate a moment.

"That's why I'm here, sir."

"Very well," The General looked over our heads, his Celtic eyes brooding off into some far distance. Then they focused again upon us, hard and blue and dominating.

"Gentlemen, you do not need to be told that the welfare of this Command is paramount. One of you is a traitor. That man must die tonight or this Command, possibly the whole campaign, is lost." He set his jaw grimly. "I have no intention of losing either. Four of you I believe are brave and loyal men. I have no ordinary means of finding out now, and in time, who the traitor is. You have all said that

your lives belong to your country. Tonight you must give them back to her." He consulted his wrist watch.

"It is now 2145. I shall parole you until 2230 to compose your affairs. I shall take your word, as officers and gentlemen, neither to remove your sidearms from their holsters, nor to attempt escape. The latter, by the way, is impossible."

Colonel Detrick was the only one to make any audible protest. To me, the General's method was so fantastic that I felt I must be in the middle of a bad dream.

"I take it," said the Colonel, "that this is by way of being a summary court—of sorts. Will the General please explain just what Article of War gives him authority to issue such an order? Also, just how the General will explain the mass suicide of his staff?"

"You may ask," replied the General bleakly. "It is covered by no Article of War, but by the necessity of self-preservation of an entire Command, and this necessity underlies all the Articles. In the presence of the enemy, it supersedes them. You, Colonel, or all of you together, may file a written protest if you will. You have my word it will be transmitted. I am perfectly willing to be shot later myself, so long as this Command is preserved. This is no court, Colonel. Damn it all, we are in supreme peril, and I do not propose to permit my men to be annihilated."

That was the nearest he came to losing his calm. After taking two or three deep breaths, he spoke more quietly.

"I have considered placing you all under arrest. But that involves risks I will not run. With deepest respect to you all, your lives are a cheap price to pay for what we stand to gain. Now, after giving me the word I have asked, you may go."

I was in a daze as we all gave our word and were dismissed.



"When daddy comes home you'll be sorry you ever heard of 'William Tell'!"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

Outside, the five of us gathered in a tight little group.

"The man's insane," whispered Detrick vehemently. "It's murder. We'd be amply justified in arresting him and taking over." I remembered that Detrick was ranking Colonel, and would succeed to command. I suppose we all did.

"No," drawled Hilliard. "We can't do that. There's still the little matter pending



that one of us is a traitor. It's damned hard on the rest of us, and I suggest that whoever it is come clean."

There it was again, the suspicion that made us all look furtively at each other, calculating....

"We'll do just as the General says," whispered Jim Nevers. "Exactly. Evidently we're to blow our own brains out. What a story! And who'd ever believe it?"

Suddenly we all realized how time was passing and that if we had letters to write or to make our peace with God, or any of the other things condemned men do, we had better get at it. The group dissolved into the dark.

I crawled under my poncho and wrote to Alicia by flashlight. I tried to imagine her face when she read the words *killed in action*, but only told her that we were headed for more action and that I had a hunch. I tried to get through to God, too. I'll admit I didn't feel any of the soul-shattering emotions that are supposed to be the portion of the condemned.

I sat down on a slope in the grass. Off to the East there were a few streaks of light. *The moon ought to be up in an hour*, I thought. A few cirrus clouds were moving lazily across the sky, whitened by the light of the unrisen moon. I sat drinking them in and beginning to feel a little peace, when I heard someone stumbling near me. A figure passed within fifteen feet. I could just make him out against the slowly lightening sky. It was Wood.



Advertisements

From where I sit by Joe Marsh

Watch Out For The "Blind Spots"

Stopped by Squint Miller's farm the other day and saw a vinegar bottle in his kitchen with an oversized cucumber inside it. The cucumber filled the whole bottle.

"What's a cucumber doing in there?" I asked him. "That's my 'blind-spot' reminder," says Squint. "My grandmother kept one in her kitchen to remind her to take stock of herself now and then.

"I slipped that bottle over the cucumber when it started to grow on the vine," he went on. "And like certain viewpoints, not noticed, it just grew and grew—now it's there to stay."

From where I sit, we could take a cue from Squint and watch for our own "blind spots" and prejudices before they grow too big to get rid of. We've got to respect our neighbor's right to his preferences . . . preferences for a certain make of car, a favorite movie star, or a temperate glass of beer after work. We won't be tripped by any blind spots if we keep our eyes—and minds—open!

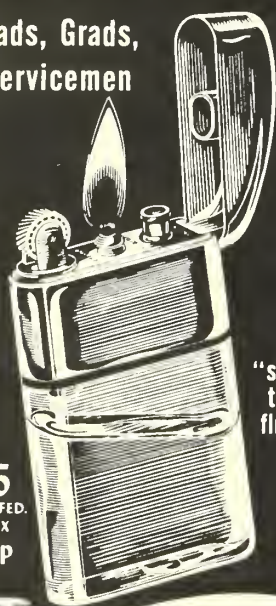
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He was almost running and half-sobbing, either talking to himself or praying out loud. He tripped and fell, and lay there, crying.

Whatever his personal agony, I didn't want to watch it. Weary men were lying everywhere, but I found a place. But I couldn't stay put, and when I saw around a shoulder of the hill, a spurt of flame at the base of a tree, I walked toward it.

"Hi there, fella," Jim's voice said as I came up. "Have a last smoke. Oh, I know you're about to bawl me out. But what the hell? There's nothing in the sky, and how far can you see a cigarette? They know where we are, anyway." He waved his hand. "Have a chair."

I sat down beside him and leaned against the tree, our shoulders touching. We talked - about the others, of course, one by one, trying to hit upon the traitor. Nevers after a while came out with a theory - that whoever it was had probably been caught quite young in some idealistic stuff about a Brave New World.

Young Wood came to my mind then, his wide, almost-innocent eyes and his sensitive mouth.

"But what about such a guy when he found it was a lie, Jim? Wouldn't he quit them cold?"

Jim shook his head slowly.

"I doubt it, Mac boy. It would be like giving up your religion. A man like that would be nearly pulled apart, I guess."

"I don't see how anybody could live with himself as a traitor, Jim, even if he did get sucked into it like that. How can he feel?"

"He must feel lower than a louse, now, Mac," said Jim sadly. "He's probably living through a deeper private hell than anyone else could know, sick and tired and waiting for the end of it all."

"But how," I insisted, "could he let the rest of us take the rap with him?"

"I don't see," agreed Jim, "how he could be that low."

"A man who'd betray his country would do the same for his friends, too," I insisted stubbornly. "Nothing could be too low for a man like that."

Jim sighed. "Maybe you're right, Mac. Maybe you're right."

I looked at the luminous dial of my watch. It was 2225.

"Time, Jim," I said. We rose and walked back. I felt very close to him then.

We were first. The rest came within a minute, with Wood dragging himself in last, his face white.

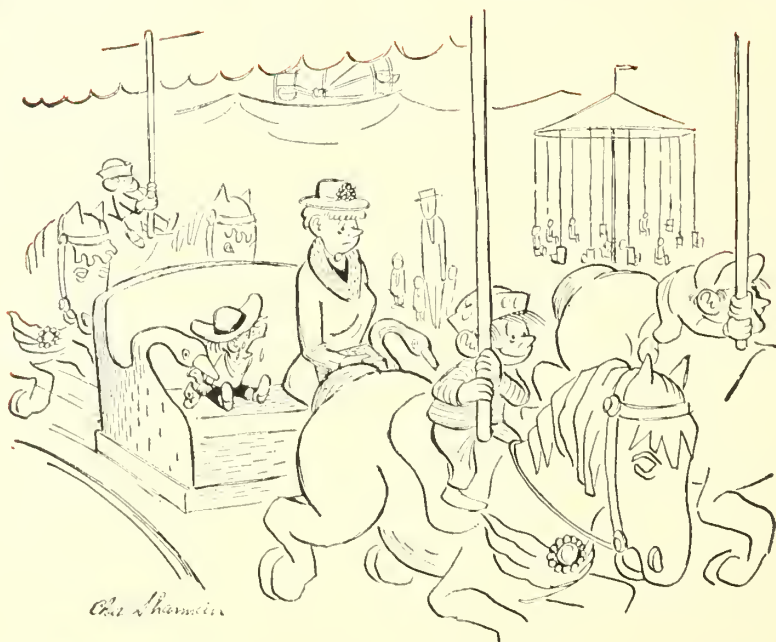
General MacDonald showed the strain, too. He just looked at us all again for a full minute, one after the other, as if his eyes were trying to search out the thoughts behind our faces. Then he did a strange thing. He strode around the table and shook hands with each of us in turn, beginning with Colonel Detrick.

"Gentlemen," he said then, "has any of you a statement to make?" There was no reply, though he waited longer than he needed.

"Very well, then," he commanded. "Follow me."

Marching ahead, he led us out into the night. We went over the uneven ground, past sleeping men, and through the layers of outposts until we reached the North Road. The Old Man never looked back. The rest of us followed in single file, in order of rank. I remember thinking, *This is the strangest death-march I'll ever walk in*, and wondering why the guilty man didn't make a break for it. Well, why didn't I make a break for it? My conscience was clear, and life is sweet. What made me obey like this? *Not the habit of discipline, merely*, I thought. *Not the Old Man's iron will, either. It's my own will. The will that makes a man die for a cause he loves. A will stronger than the will to survive as a person.*

We went on about a mile after we passed the last outpost. The road followed



Art Schmitt

"Gee whiz gramaw!! Hopperlong Cassidy doesn't ride a swan!!!"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

the stream, and wound around the sides of the hills. The moon had risen in the east, hanging over mountains and forest like a round, almost blood-red lantern, and there was a little more light.

At a spot where the road made a U-turn into the hill and out again, the General stopped. We all halted and waited. With wordless gestures he lined us up about three paces from each other, our backs to the dark mass of the steep slope. He stood



"I called you as soon as they'd finished putting up the sign, boss!"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

on the other side of the road, outlined against the brightening sky, oblivious that it made him an easy target.

For a moment the light seemed to be playing tricks on me. I could have sworn he was a Highland chieftain standing there, straight and tall in bonnet and kilts, claymore in hand, his sporran white against the plaid. A Highland chieftain commanding implicit obedience by the immemorial right of his blood, which no clansman or septsman could question. Behind him the illusion persisted: the moonlit blue of the middle distance was the heather of Glen Creran, behind it the massive shoulder of Ben Vair. Perhaps it was an ancestral memory such as could come only to one whose mouth was suddenly filled with the acrid, bitter taste of death. Whatever it was, it dissolved at the sound of General MacDonald's voice. It was a voice that haunts me yet—low with regret and compassion, yet firm and clear with inexorable resolution.

"You will draw at my command. When I command 'aim,' you will place the muzzle against your right temple . . . Good-bye, gentlemen."

Next to me, Jim murmured, "So long, Mac boy."

I whispered back: "You were wrong, Jim. We're all going. The louse is a louse to the end."

"I guess you're right, boy," said Jim. I thought I could hear him swallow. Then he said again, "So long, Mac."

I drew at the command. It still seemed

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"Aim!"

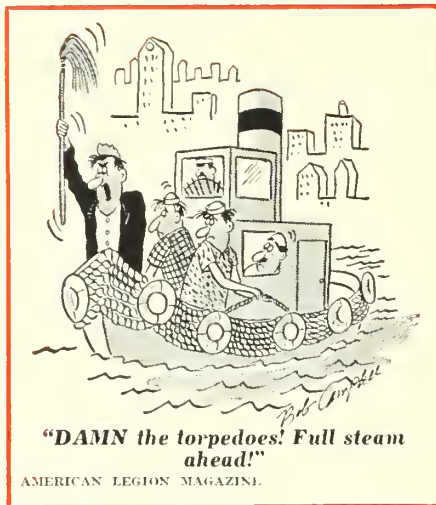
"Fire!"

I pulled myself together, got up and bent over Jim. He had let his whole clip go. Then I went over to General MacDonald and saluted.

He returned my salute. The others came up, too, except for Wood, who was still out cold.

"Gentlemen," said the General, "I regret having had to subject you to this experience. You bore yourselves well." He added regretfully, "I was afraid it was Nevers."

The Old Man nodded. "I owe you an explanation, gentlemen. When you left your sidearms for inspection tonight, I myself removed the live clips from them



"Until the end, I hoped the traitor, whoever he was, would come forward for the sake of his brother officers. But if

I felt sick.

We revived Wood and the five of us marched abreast down the road. Halfway to the first outpost, the Old Man said:

"Gentlemen, you will observe that the situation is now changed. For the first time we know what the enemy will do, and he does not know what we will do. He imagines that we will move in the morning on the North Road. Doubtless he expects to occupy Podan by the South Road before dawn, trapping us in the valley. I gave Major Nevers sufficient time to get that message out, however he did it, before 2130. The enemy, we may assume, is already in motion. We will move in an hour. After his main body

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has passed the junction and prepared his ambush, we will take him from the rear. The 51st Regiment will take the North Road and spring his trap."

General MacDonald's plan came off, though a battle never goes according to plan, as you expect it. The enemy had divided his forces, almost as if he were ignorant of our intentions. But the 51st Regiment sprang the trap prematurely, the enemy recalled the forces that might have intercepted our main body, and so the General was able to achieve the tactical surprise he planned, after all.

So the Command was saved, and it had something to do with the eventual outcome of the war. But sometimes, even yet,

I recall that night with a feeling of bewildered unreality. Nothing so fantastic could ever have happened. Then I remember Jim's lonely grave far away in those alien hills, and the little cross of wood I set above his head. You see, I had to go through his pockets before we buried him. I found the clip of dummies. He had carefully wrapped it in a small flag—the flag he had sworn to defend and had betrayed. I took his pistol from the grip of his cold hand, and examined the clip. The ammo the General had left for the traitor had all been made by Remington. The clip Jim put in was from Vickers. It hadn't come from the General's box.

THE END

Miami

(Continued from page 23)

FISHING

Fishing opportunities range from renting tackle for 50¢ and buying about a quarter's worth of bait to angle off the causeways or from some of the many canals; to paying as high as \$5 to charter a sleek, two-engined, power craft to troll the Gulf Stream all day for sailfish, dolphin, albacore, kingfish, and other briny battlers.

"Charter" boats may be hired at the municipal basin, Pier 5 in Miami; at the Gulf Dock and Chamber of Commerce Dock in Miami Beach, at the end of MacArthur Causeway; and at Baker's Haulover, the city limits of the town of Bal Harbour, 1½ miles north of Miami Beach limits and at Little River Marina, 79th Street in Miami.

In between are the popular "drift boats." For \$2–\$3 you can go out with 30 other hopeful anglers on the "Skipjack" or several other party boats for several hours of fruitful bottom fishing while drifting over the nearby reefs, just outside Government Cut. The fee includes tackle, bait and advice. You rarely get "skunked." Hefty groupers, snappers and yellowtails, from six to twenty pounds, are commonly caught. Boats leave at 9:30, 1:30 and 7 P.M. from the Chamber of Commerce Docks at the Beach entrance to MacArthur Causeway, and from Pier 5 in Miami.

Even fresh water anglers can find plenty of action here. You can fish for fresh water species in the creeks emerging from the Everglades, or you can make up a party and go to one of the Everglades' fishing camps where you will find living quarters, tackle, boats and expert guides.

SWIMMING

All the big ocean-front hotels have their own private stretches of sand. Most of them also have cabanas and pools—there are no less than 130 pools in Miami Beach. Every hotel in Miami Beach is situated either on the ocean or Biscayne Bay, or a few minutes walk from either. If you live in a hotel or apartment that doesn't have its own beach, there's a mile-long public beach, Lummus Park, extending from 14th Street to 6th Street, and five other short beaches located strategically along the line.

If you stay in Miami, the Robert Clay

has a good-sized pool. You can also go over to the new Crandon Park, a huge new development which is Miami's official bathing beach. It is reached by the Rickenbacker Causeway (toll 50¢ round trip), and has an esplanade, picnic facilities, refreshment stands and over two miles of excellent beach.

You can also drive out to Coral Gables, Miami's handsome suburb and take a dip in the shaded Venetian Pool, fed by natural springs. A few miles further out are Tahiti Beach and Matheson Hammock, two palm-shaded beaches in protected coves on Biscayne Bay. Admission is free, and there are parking spaces and well-run refreshment stands.

Energetic water bugs can also go in for surfboard riding at the Versailles Hotel, or take water-skiing lessons at about \$3.00 an hour. You can also rent outboards for fishing in Biscayne Bay as well as sailboats and paddle-boats.

SIGHTSEEING — BY WATER

Boats play an important part in inexpensive sightseeing junkets. In Miami Beach you can take motor launches operated by the Gray Line or Wofford Line for a two-hour trip around Biscayne Bay for about \$1.50. The main attractions are the fabulous millionaires' estates on the "Gold Coast," of which the most awe-inspiring is the 30 million dollar James Deering place.

At Pier 5 in Miami, a number of boats provide water tours for from \$1.50 for a glass-bottomed inspection of submarine gardens to a day-long sail to Fort Lauderdale for \$4.60, without meals. One of the popular trips is the "Moonlight Cruise" with dancing.

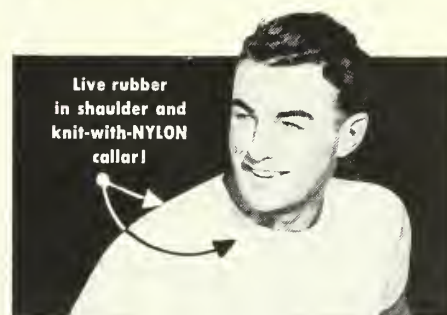
SIGHTSEEING — BY LAND

If you really want to have something to tell the folks back home, you should take one or more land tours and capture the flavor of southeastern Florida. This is where you'll find your own car or a rented auto a valuable asset.

First, of course, there is the city of Miami itself, around which you'll find driving interesting. The A.A.A. has a magnificent building at 29th Street and Biscayne Boulevard and will help you plan trips. Within the city limits, the most popular spot is Bay Front Park, off the southern end of Biscayne Boulevard.

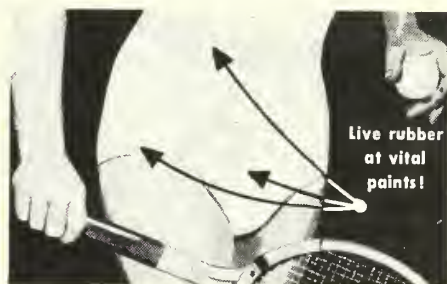
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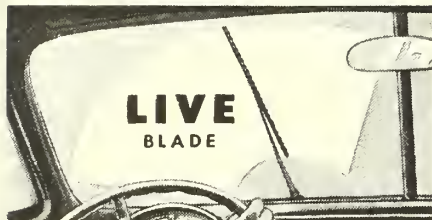
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You could then try a loop trip up Biscayne Boulevard to the 79th Street Causeway, near the city limits, across to Miami Beach, down Collins Avenue to the MacArthur Causeway and back to the city. One of the attractions is the Harvey Seeds Post of The American Legion at 66th Street. It is one of the most beautiful and completely equipped clubhouses in the country.

Another interesting junket is across to man-made Hibiscus, Palm and Star Island, reached by spurs from the MacArthur Causeway. On these islands you'll see breathtaking castle-like homes; the once famous gambling casino, the Colonial Inn; and on Palm Island, the dismal, boarded-up former home of Al Capone.

Less than an hour's ride by car or bus from Miami Beach are two sight-seeing musts, Musa Indian Village and Tropical Hobbyland, man-made reservations. Tropical Hobbyland, 1525 N.W. 27th Avenue (adm. 80¢), features Indian Jack, a supple young Seminole who puts on regular "wrestling matches" with an alligator. Spectators usually toss appreciative coins into his concrete walled arena. Gaily-clad, dirty-faced Seminole youngsters will also pose toothily for you against a huge totem pole—for a gratuity. Also a profusion of tropical birds and animals—talking macaws, love birds, flamingos, monkeys and the like.

A tour to Coral Gables would bring you to the modernistic campus of the University of Miami, which features a private, man-made lake and a restaurant and lounge fancier than most night clubs.

On the campus is one of the most modern hospitals in America; and not far away are many famous and weird-looking trees, at the Tamiami Pines Field. From there you can go on a few miles to the Parrot Jungle, a really worthwhile bit of forest which features fascinating tropical flora and fauna, including hordes of pink flamingos (adm. \$1.10); the Rare Bird Farm; Monkey Jungle; the Ross Serpenterium; Rock Gardens, all of which can be seen for from 50¢ to \$1.00. Gray Line runs bus tours including most of these places for about \$3.00 per person.

If you have more time, you can enter another world by taking an hour's ride out on Route 27 to the edge of the awesome 600,000-acre Everglades for about \$10 a day. If you penetrate these mysterious marshes, you'll see all manner of strange tropical vegetation—mangrove swamps, fig trees, papayas, rubber trees; and tropical birds such as the wild ibis, stately egrets or a rare white crane. Animals found in the Everglades include lions, bears, otter, crocodiles and alligators.

The last—and longest—motor tour, which will add the piquant touch to your vacation, would be down the magnificent 130-mile Overseas Highway to Key West, the southernmost city in the United States, almost on the Tropic of Cancer. You can make it and back in one day, but you'll find it more interesting to make a two-day trip out if it, so you can stay over and sample some of the succulent Cuban dishes and see some of the colorful sights. The most interesting sights are the U.S. Naval Base; Ernest Hemingway's home; the winter White House, the aquarium and the giant turtles. Gray Line runs a one-day tour for \$10; two days for \$17, including room.

WHERE TO STAY

There are 370 hotels in Miami Beach, with 27,000 rooms holding over 50,000 persons. There are also rooms for 16,000



"Do you realize that was the last bottle of beer in the house?"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

people in the apartments and several hundred more can be accommodated in three or four good auto courts. Air-conditioned, ocean-front rooms rented at \$12 to \$50 a day in the winter, should be available in October at from one-half to one-third these rates, depending on the popularity of the hotel and its location. The older apartments or guest houses farthest from the beach may be had for as little as \$2.50 a day for singles.

The city of Miami also has a score of good business hotels. In season, their rates are not as high as Miami Beach hotels—about \$18 a day tops. Consequently, they reduce their rates in lower proportion in October, say about 20 percent. You should be able to get rooms for from \$3.00 to \$10.00 a day at these hotels. One new hotel, the Biscayne Terrace, was opened this spring. It fronts on Biscayne Boulevard, and adjoins the McAllister, which will again be headquarters hotel.

In any case, special deals are now being arranged by your State Adjutants and the Accommodations Committee will be able to furnish you with a complete list of hotels, apartments, guest houses and motels available, with their costs. There are dozens of excellent, comparatively new auto courts at the northern entrance to Miami and a few on the Beach. They have rooms for as little as \$2.50 a day single, some with kitchenettes at slightly higher prices.

You might also look into the hundreds of "guest houses," which are converted private homes. Most of them are located between Biscayne Boulevard and the Bay, extending from about 15th Street north to the 30's, in Miami. There are also a number in Miami Beach.

MEETING PLACES

Present plans call for the main business meetings of the Convention to be held in the Dinner Key Auditorium in Coral Gables, about 18 miles from the center of town: low-cost transportation and plenty of it is assured. This auditorium, actually two converted plane hangars joined together, will hold some 16,000 people. There is also a handsome new Dade County Auditorium out on West Flagler Street, which will accommodate 2,500 persons, and at which the 40 and 8 may meet. A spanking new lime-colored auditorium has just been completed at Bay Front Park on Biscayne Boulevard in downtown Miami which can easily hold the National Commander's dinner and the Auxiliary's States dinner. There are a number of large rooms, such as the meeting room of the Roney Plaza, big enough to accommodate the 8 and 40 meetings.

The American Legion Auxiliary will convene in the new \$1,800,000 Miami Beach auditorium, and the Auxiliary headquarters hotel will be the Delano, two minutes' walk away.

EATING

You can get excellent seafood, chicken, Chinese and Italian meals at a number of places both in Miami and Miami Beach, and you don't have to pay Stork Club prices to satisfy your hunger.

Breakfasts are reasonable in a num-

ber of spots like the Mayflower Donut Shop on Biscayne Blvd. and 2nd Street, in Miami. The Virginian, across from the Roney Plaza Hotel on 23rd Street and Collins, Miami Beach; the Howard Johnson Restaurants in Miami Beach and Miami also serve good breakfasts at from 50¢ to \$1.00. These places also offer good, reasonably-priced luncheons.

You may find it more fun, however, eating lunch at the fabulous Wolfie's on Collins Avenue, or Hoffman's Cafeteria



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nearby. They specialize in giant triple-decker sandwiches, with all kinds of relishes and trimmings, for about a dollar—as much as you can eat. The Sans Souci Coffee Shop also goes in for those king-sized sandwiches, as well as layer cakes and towering ice cream sodas which come up to here. A favorite local luncheon hangout is the Grill and Tropical Tea Room in Burdine's Department Store in Miami; and the Biscayne Room of the Columbus Hotel on Biscayne Boulevard. The latter is also a popular dine-and-dance spot, strictly first class in quality, service and price. There are a number of good places where you can get "all the shrimp and lobster you can eat for \$1.25," and a raft of short order barbecue places like Pig'n' Sax at the entrance to MacArthur Causeway.

One of the best modest-priced dining places in Miami is the Frances Constance, on Biscayne Blvd., at 24th Street. They serve excellent home-style meals from \$1.15 up. For dinner you can also fill up comfortably on the wallet at the Walt Disneyish Pickin' Chicken places which are at 15th, 23rd and 79th Streets, on Collins Avenue. For about \$1.25 you get a basket filled with southern fried chicken and shoe string potatoes, with a salad, hot biscuits and coffee on the side. If you want to splurge, try Joe's Stone Crab at 227 Biscayne Boulevard or The Light-house up at Baker's Haulover, both famous seafood spots; or the more conventional Red Coach Grill.

All in all, you can't help but have a good time during the Convention, and you'll have to use unusual restraint not to extend your stay for a week or more. You might even consider taking a week-end in exciting Havana, only an hour's flight away by plane; or to restful Nassau, just as close; or to colorful Key West, a like time-distance from Miami. How good a time you have, and how long you stay in this palm-studded playground, depends on how much energy and money you have to spend. But remember, you will be able to get a lot for a little. Happy Convention!

THE END

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HE MAKES ART PAY

Myrton Purkiss of 124 N. Lincoln, Fullerton, Cal., came out of the army after 40-odd months overseas with the idea of making art pay off — and he's done it to the tune of \$150 a throw.

The former GI, due to his art training before the war, had spent a large share of his service time in preparing maps and relief models of terrain for use in planning by higher echelon. With his discharge in hand, he realized that ceramics, his future, already was a crowded profession. His plan of decorating the products of his kiln with individual hand-painted designs was the basis, however, for a profitable business.

At present, Purkiss is making large urn-shaped lamp bases which sell through his exclusive agents for approximately \$150 each. The lamp bases, although often from the same mold and identical in shape, have individual scenes painted on them thus making each lamp an "original."

Purkiss' lamp base business began by chance when an art gallery where some of his work had been displayed received an inquiry from a prospective customer asking for a 30-inch lamp base with original paintings of the Purkiss type.

In addition to painting original scenes on the lamps, Purkiss also has perfected a process whereby he can use a series of special glazing agents to give the pottery lamp bases the appearance of a solid piece of granite or other type of rock. Standing price on these items as was stated before is \$150 each. Thus far, he has had no trouble in selling all he has made.

Purkiss' agents are exclusive art dealers and galleries in various sections of the country. He has agents in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Chicago, Washington, New York and several other metropolitan cities. Each week brings attractive offers from department and furniture stores throughout the country who desire to handle the Purkiss-made items. He has not accepted any of these offers, however. Instead, the youthful artist is perfectly content to trade through the established art agents.

He feels that should he begin producing the lamps on a mass production basis for wide distribution through retail department or furniture outlets, he would have to sacrifice quality in the work and drop his price at the same time.

Rather than allow this, it is better to let those interested pay the present established price, he has decided. At the same time, this allows him to continue mixing profit with artistry.

MOVIES FOR TV

A trio of Corona del Mar, Calif., veterans have worked their way into the motion picture industry from an amateur beginning — and are making it pay off.

V. E. Ellsworth, a former captain in the Signal Corps' motion picture section, Dave Monohan, master sergeant scenario writer with the same organization during World War II, and Beatrice Medes, a WAC lieutenant, are the officers and owners of Mercury-International Pictures, 1415 Coast Highway, Corona del Mar, an organization which originally specialized in filming 16-millimeter TV commercials.

The company was formed when Ellsworth and Monohan worked out a script built around the Newport Harbor vacation beaches and filmed an "epic" titled "California Way of Life" on their Sunday holidays. A major studio heard of the project, looked at the completed film which had been shot in color and promptly purchased it outright.

With this as a start, Mercury-International Pictures was born and Miss Medes taken into the organization to handle the business details, while the two men concentrated on the creative work.

Realizing that West Coast television was a coming thing, they began by concentrating on making spot commercials for a number of clients. They're anticipating color television, too. They film all their commercials in color and then make black-and-white prints. The original commercials in full color rest in their vaults, waiting for the occasion.

Soon, organizations were commissioning the firm to do full-length commercial films (always in color) and they began to turn these out. At present, they do all of U.S. Gypsum's films.

A Hollywood film company, shooting a sea saga, hired Mercury-International to film some actual shots of an octopus at a marine biology laboratory. When the shots were finished, the studio found it necessary to discard them, saying that they were so "real" they made the fake octopus used in other scenes look silly.

It looks as though the Corona del Mar filmsters are headed for bigger things. At present they are considering the offer of a large studio to put up half the expenses of producing a feature length film based upon the California harbor region.

Most of the success of Mercury-International has stemmed from the fact that both Ellsworth and Monohan split their time between production and contact work. In contacting clients they are in a perfect position to tell and show the future customer exactly what they can do.

— JACK LEWIS

Why The Negro Won't Buy Communism

(Continued from page 15)

around 1904 by the more alert and ingenious Nipponese. Now, while pretending to feel for the little peoples of the whole world, meanwhile issuing hot denials of imperialistic intentions, the Soviet was bent and bound to continue the march to the East. And that was right where we American Negroes could come in handy. With the war-like and determined Nipponese standing across their way of empire, plus Western influences, we were badly needed. The Asiatic millions must be led to fear and thoroughly hate the sight of a white skin. To rise up against their leaders, place their dependence on Russia, swamp Japan, and throw the "white oppressors" out. It must be repeated and kept in mind that this passionate love of the non-whites did not apply to Japan, for obvious reasons.

So the brains in the Kremlin eagerly seized upon the race propaganda of the United States, feeling sure and certain that they really had something that they could use. It could be dusted over Asia to good effect. A horrible example of white rule over darker races. A most frightful scarecrow to shake at the peoples of Asia, and thus hasten them into the arms of the Soviets.

With the then twelve million Negroes in the United States won and done, we could be filed away for the day of revolution here. The dumb black brutes to bear the actual burden of physical combat. Highly expendable. One white zealot discoursed to me at length on the glory we would win under the party, come that day, and millions of us would fall out in the streets behind the barricades to win freedom for the oppressed masses from our "masters."

When the man kept on mentioning Negroes, Negroes and nothing but Negroes "out there," I was moved to enquire:

"While we're out there tussling with

the might and power of the Armed Forces of these United States, just where will you be?"

"Oh, for God's sake! If we are willing to do the *thinking* for you, you ought to be glad and proud to do the fighting."

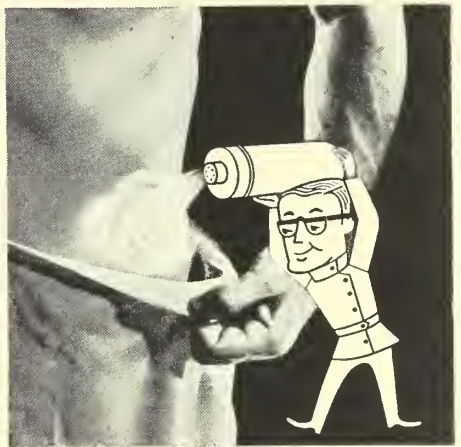
Accented just like that.

"I see," I murmured, and I did. I said it calmly enough, but inside, I had jumped as salty as a mackerel. This gang looked down upon us and despised us. They discounted our abilities and integrity infinitely more than those southerners from whom they were pretending to defend us. On top of that, their raw flattery and insulting patronage was intended to hide cold and ruthless hearts. The plan was obviously to herd in the dumb black fools, and when the time arrived to use us up like so many worn-out undershirts and think nothing about it. I thought some more, and by then there was nothing in the drugstore that would kill them all quicker than I, come that day. Nobody has ever yet celebrated being taken for a chump, even by a smart man, and when it is tried by a dumb chuckle-head, that puts knobs on it.

While they waited for the day of revolution, the third important use the communists planned for the Negro masses was to lie down and act as the mud-sills of the proposed American peasant party. This was to be maneuvered in a way to carry out unknowingly, the program of the communists.

The party felt a deep need for such a stratum. The Kremlin had launched out on the conquest of the world by analogy. Then they began to see that what worked among the peasants in Russia did not work so well here. This country was too rich, the working man too well fed, clothed and housed. There was no grinding poverty to make men bitter and desperate. The place was much too juicy and jumpy. Poor folks went up the ladder

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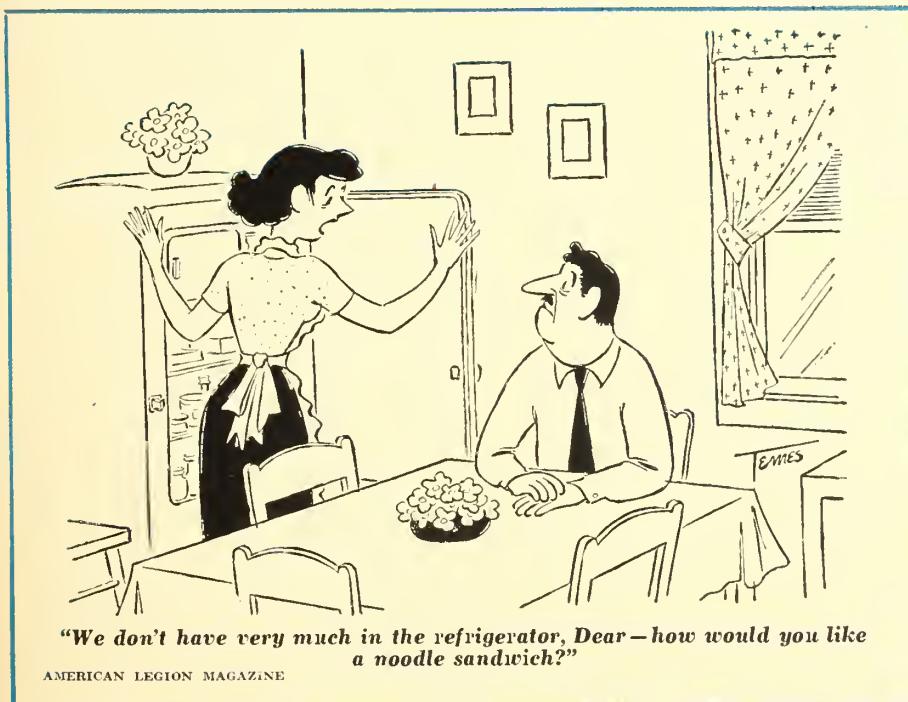
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"We don't have very much in the refrigerator, Dear—how would you like a noodle sandwich?"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

and rich men tumbled down. What was needed was a permanent bottom-class. Somebody who could be made to feel at the scratchy bottom, and no chance to get up from there without the violent overthrow of their "masters."

They found nothing like that on hand. As one rich and well-born matron said to me, "We do not employ Americans of any color as domestic help. White or black, there are no American servants. They are all millionaires, temporarily short of funds. Instead of being content where they are, they plan to be the boss themselves next year."

So, without putting a name to it, the commies went about creating a permanent lower class by dialectic persuasion. Wealthy persons *per se* were born vipers. There was a great weeping and wailing over share-croppers and the like. All unskilled labor was glorified in words, but bedded down as far as possible to form a foundation for this peasant class. The pleasures of peasantry were lauded to the skies. To make it appear inevitable, the nation was flooded with propaganda about there being no more frontiers; no more chances at all for free enterprise; not a prayer for a lone individual to rise by his own efforts. No more *nothing* but collectivism. It was like a rotting fog hovering over the land. It was as if from a vigorous youth, the United States had arrived overnight at a decaying old age. It was a case of don't try anything. If you could barely keep alive then you were spying noble. The trade unions were in-

vaded and the line peddled that the members were really serfs. No more individuals at all. Their case was really pitiful. Nothing to do but hate bosses and work toward the day when they could do away with their hated oppressors. So labor disorders of an unheard-of intensity and violence swept the nation. It has taken years for many to come out of this fog and return to the American tradition.

The proposed peasant party failed to come off. Mostly, it failed because the Negro, the intended mud-sill, refused to hold still so that he could be built upon. What the party overlooked is the fact that the Negro is the most class-conscious individual in the United States. The biggest snob in America, bar none, is a Negro house servant. It works in varying degrees up and down the line. Kings and potentates, yes! Good groceries, fast cars and fancy shoes, yes indeed! Draped down in raiments of needlework, the average American Negro would much rather call in ten doctors to tell him how near he is dressed to death, than to have one commissar come around to tell him how near dead he will be before he is allowed a change of clothes. The party, misinformed, grabbed the wrong sow by the ear. The dear peasant in the Soviet Union in his shapeless felt boots and slurping his cabbage soup, meant exactly nothing to us. Just the thing we are striving to get away from. For us to long for that would call for much more persuasion than the party has been able to deliver.

How dead the permanent bottom-man

is in the United States was pointed up by last November's elections. The huge majorities piled up by Taft and others who opposed regimentation of the working man said a mouthful. The average American still sees himself as a yeasty man. Why kill the boss? He might be the big boss himself next year. It has been done time after time and again. Every man a king when he gets his break.

Having decided to mount their world rule on black American backs, it is interesting to note how the reds went about the important business of capturing the American Negro.

For a blueprint, they took an ancient and long-discarded folk piece. The analogy of the "white mare." It got to be said during the Reconstruction that the highest ambition of every Negro man was to



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AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE



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have a white woman. While one of their faces was spouting about how deeply they resented, and would die defending us from, white slanders the other face was patronizing us insultingly with a revival of these old notions. As a supreme inducement to join up, prospective party members were grinningly offered white mates.

Facts are facts, and it cannot be denied that some of us were influenced. This explains why so many of the Negroes high in party councils have white wives, or husbands, as the case may be. But it also explains one reason for so few party members. When you look at the thousands who could have and did not, it tells you something. The vaunted foundation for sweeping the whole Negro body into the party was laid on sandy land. The structure went shakily even before the winds began to blow.

All the way along, there has been entirely too much dependence placed on sex. Very few of us felt the need of help in a case like that. It offended the thoughtful among us because it amounts to a tacit

belief that we are a people totally under the sway of sexual pleasures, a sure and certain way to get us.

The "white mare" apparatus failed to pay off. Yes, it is true that mules will unhesitatingly follow a white mare anywhere and at any time. But it is known there's danger in arriving at conclusions by analogy. It is possible, and even probable that we might not be mules. But the reds evidently thought so. That is why Harlem swarmed with party-sent white women during the pressure drive of the Thirties. Even white girls of high school age were up there under party orders and doing their level best to "persuade" Negro prospects, and then bring them on through "religion."

But it is to be observed that Negro membership is still slack and scanty. There is a constant turn-over in membership from backsliding. What happened to the misled little girls is another story. Perhaps there is some connection between this "pig-meat" crusade and the later dismissal of numerous teachers from the New York City school system.

By such whoopedoo was the Lincoln Brigade recruited to go to Spain in a vain attempt to place the Russian Bear at Gibraltar. But believe it or not, even we can learn a lesson. The disillusionment lingers on.

Another Bear trap was the one polished over by Winston in a recent red convention. That is, that the party must infiltrate into Negro protest organizations, and generally seize upon Negro causes, and otherwise come to be looked upon as our saviors, champions and friends.

This is a very old soup-bone to be warming over. God knows that we have had the experience of communist help, and it sure has been a lesson to us. The notorious Scottsboro Case is a horrible example of how they "help things out." The case was wormed out of the hands of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, who had taken steps for a quick and quiet settle-

ment. The party wanted nothing of the kind, and they got it. The party stirred up years of world-wide publicity for themselves as the defenders of darker peoples. The boys got life-time in jail and other unhappy bonuses. There have been other and less-heard-of cases where they "helped us out." Like the joke about the corn salve. The toe is gone, but the corn is still there. We have come to be real shy of party help, so Henry Winston, speaking for Moscow, can save his breath.

And their shaking of the North Koreans and the Chinese communists in our faces is less than intelligent. There never has been any bond between us and the Chinese. So once more and again, the commies show off their estimate of our intelligence. When numerous Negro homes are mourning the death of their sons, husbands and brothers, and boiling over with rage at the knowledge of butchery and inhuman torture of their loved ones at the hands of these same yellow skins, to now be exhorted to treasure them and take sides with them is too much to expect of us, even though we are supposed not to be able to remember nor feel resentment at a thing like that. The sense that God gave a billy goat would have prevented this insult.

In a recent issue of the *Pittsburgh Courier*, a GI in Korea publishes an earnest letter to American Negroes, warning us against the falsity of communist propaganda. In the letter, he strove to make us realize how horrible the commies are in fact. He goes on to wonder how any American Negro can think of joining the party, or even stoop to read the *Daily Worker*.

In addition to jumping into causes as our defenders, another device to supplement that is to set up false enemies of the Negro and then make a great to-do about knocking them over. It is always interesting to note that these "enemy" individuals whom the party discovers to be our enemies, have always been less than enthusiastic about communism. In

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every case, they are and were bedded in Americanism. So we cannot dodge the suspicion that these "enemies" stand in the way of the change in form of government here. They must be done away with as popular public figures if the revolution, the dictatorship of the proletariat, is to come to pass. Our dark hands must be used to pull them down and out of the way of the coming revolution. These "white chauvinists" must go! All done for Negro benefit, you understand.

Another important "defense of the Negro peoples" is by literature and art. The Negro press and protest organizations were not near enough. Besides, they were not telling the thing right. Becoming disgusted and all put out about this condition, the party got the bright idea of their "literary defense" hoping thereby to make a clean sweep of us into the party ranks. And it did not matter, whether despite our mulishness, we saw the light, and joined up in any great numbers or not. The material was what they wanted for anti-American propaganda abroad. So they were going to do it for our benefit, whether we liked it or not.

They acknowledged that the Negro press and protest organizations soap-boxed a gracious plenty about racial grievances fancied or real, but there was no real meat to the thing. No hopelessness, no despair, no suggestion of scrapping the Constitution, no mention of revolution. Just lawing and jawing for a better adjustment into the framework as is. And mingled in was offensive material concerning fine cars, big houses, wealth and education among Negroes here. It indicated a "black bourgeoisie, black chauvinists" no different from the white capitalists, and utterly detestable. Lying counter-revolutionists and all that. The party decided to ignore them and create its own Negro literature.

Established Negro writers were approached to produce the kind of fiction that the party could use and approve of. The formula was, you can't win, Negro,

you can't win! Expanded, the poor, dear colored character starts off to be something in the world, but he or she gets trapped by our form of government, and down he goes to the lowest depths like buttonless britches. Pity the poor, black brute! Rotted away morally and in every direction, but not his fault at all. It lies at the door of the people of these "United Stinks." In other words, the formula of "The American Tragedy." The Negro characters could not get too low and revolting. The lower and more despicable the better. The sop to the Negro public was, Poor thing, what could he do under this American way of life? Negroes here are doomed from birth!

The reward to the complaint author was pre-arranged critical support, plus sales boosting and handling. For those who drew back from representing a whole race thus falsely, vile slander and abuse.

It was brushed off as chauvinism that it was not just a matter of race pride, but utterly against fact. Like everybody else in the nation, a Negro can take his choice. The thousands on thousands of very successful Negroes in numerous fields could be offered in proof, so it was and is obvious that you can win.

But the party had orders that this evidence of Negro success under the American system must be suppressed. The outside world must see us as a low, degraded mass, and impossible to be otherwise under constitutional government. Poor things! They will take us by our hands and lead us away from all this, and back to the Middle Ages with them. From where we stand, that is just like Mrs. Astor battling to free herself from her enslaving Cadillac to win her way into a Russian droschky.

Now with their intense efforts for at least a full generation, why have the commies gained such a comparatively few Negro adherents?

The party's first and foremost failure was under-rating our intelligence and self-esteem. I have no way of knowing

IMPULSES

By Ponce de Leon



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

whether they just scraped up any old-fogy notions that they found lying around, or whether they were briefed up by the earlier Negro sycophants that they got hold of. Certainly, the high-sitting black comrades do not object to the insulting program. The rest of what the party has to offer us as a way of life is as morbid and as ugly as the devil's doll-baby, when we are on the hunt, like everybody else, for something pretty; tasty-like, to make our side-meat taste more like ham.

I reiterate, it is amazing how commies can hang on to a mere notion in the face of facts. They try to change the whole world, but refuse to let anything change them. They simply will not see us as Americans, nourished on the same ideals as other Americans, and so headed in the same direction. So why would we want to swap freedom for bondage? Why wouldn't we like this freedom-feeling as well as the next one?

I will not contend that we Negroes are more religious than other Americans, but certainly we are more ceremonial. Negroes own more church property per capita than any other group in the United States. There has to be a reason for that. We must like it. So how expect us to turn godless in a lump? Like a lot of other Americans, many of us do not attend church regularly, but we have no thought nor intention of doing away with God. We like Our Maker, and feel better to think He is somewhere around on the premises.

The anti-white program was another mistake. We do not hate white people as the commies are determined to believe. As fellow-citizens, it is our privilege to give each other skull-draggings on occasion, but laying all jokes aside, we certainly have no wish and desire to kill off the pink-toed rascals. Even if they were not useful as they are, we'd keep 'em for pets. Where is the kick in being an American if you don't call everybody out of their names now and then from the President on down? Just as natural as the Fourth of July. Are these commies so blind through the eyes that they have not seen us always in there fighting just as hard as anybody else in a common cause? From the Revolution on down.

Go against our own country because the Chinese are yellowish in color, indeed! We would fight them just as hard, just as fiercely, if they were lam and damn black. They are not Americans. It has been proved too many times and by different countries, that nationality is stronger than race.

The party got misput on the road again when it fell for that old "leader" foolishness. They have proceeded from the premise that all they needed to do was to capture, or buy in, a few well known Negro names to have the whole tribe of A'nt Hagar's children come tumbling in behind them like a passle of sheep. There is no such of a person among us. Not since Booker T. Washington has there been any "Moses of his race." Like the rest of Americans, we use our privilege of acting contrary and doing our own picking and choosing.

Instead of running like a fool at a funeral after the commie captives, however

popular and prominent they might have been before they were taken in the raid, once they are shackled and begin to spout the trite jargon, somehow they seem to repel, rather than to attract. They give off a funny kind of smell. We stand off and look at them, remembering the flash and shine they had in their former existence, then shrink away from the morbid spectacle of their commie state. We shake our heads and mumble, "What happened, what could have happened to make so-and-so like that? They've come to be significant!"

It could be that that feeling of strangeness is the inside key to the failure of the party to attract Negroes in any numbers. It feels ghostly, and too much like marrying a zombie. Death on the breath, and something feeling corpse-like to the hand.

Now, take it to pieces, and everything is old and mouldy. What they call new and progressive is nothing but mommucked-up dialectics. Just like children talking hog-Latin. What it is about is at least a thousand years old. The social devices of the Middle Ages, when the serf was bound to his master, which they have just found out about.

Their touted "significant, socially-conscious" literature is a steal from the old morality plays. Authors and other artists must cater to the Kremlin as they used to do to the Medicis. Their labor arguments pre-date the machine age. The worker must own his tools in this highly mechanized age indeed! If that is kosher, then the very next time I go on the air, I'm carrying off the mike. They are still waging a war against "the masters," somebody who has been dead and gone too long to talk about. All in all, the commies carry on exactly like they have been in a trance like the Sleeping Beauty since the days of Ghengis Khan. Awakened by the smell of blood from World War I, they sprang to life like the sons of the dragon's teeth, to continue their bloody march across the face of the world.

So this Russian philosophy does not take with us. We are not that morbid by nature. You need a huge inferiority complex to be a commie, something for hate to feed on. The reservoir of party thought is too much like the Dead Sea. You can and will get gassed to death just trying to fly over it. We are too American to fit in. Our idea of top dog is one who can muscle it out from the shoulder. Russia claims a great victory from World War II, when in fact, it was something like Max Schmeling lying flat on the canvas yelling "Owoooo"—then demanding the championship of the world.

The majority of American Negroes indignantly refuse the role that the party has assigned to us. That is, to go around the world like Paul Robeson, W.E.B. DuBois and a few others, and be the "horrible example," the pitiful object, the face on the bawl-room floor. On top of that, we are loyal Americans. To paraphrase Benjamin Franklin's definition of a Tory, to us an American commie is a person with his so-called head in Moscow, his trashy body over here, and whose neck ought to be stretched.

Or better still, somebody ought to take

free!

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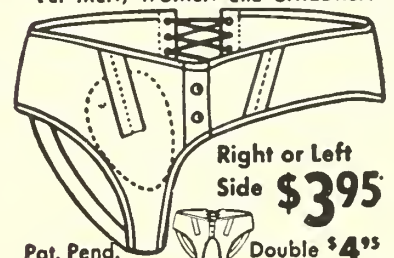
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and re-bury the dead. By behavior and flavor, they are zombies. Something oozes out like a viscous seepage from a morgue. It is poisoning the air of the world.

So Henry Winston and the whole party in convention assembled, may call upon us like the priests of Baal, but I predict that few will answer. Not even for Chinese hides will we come, not being in the luggage business. Years ago, they had us at the mourner's bench. If they failed to bring us through religion then, they certainly will not make it now. Their latest cry can well up from nothing but desperation. The last stroke of exhausted nature.

From the very beginning, in dealing

What Do You Think We Are Fighting For?

(Continued from page 28)

thing in our history. It has outlived the doubts and fears of every passing decade, just as it will outlive today's fears.

But how often have we only understood our dream on looking back? We seem to have been driven toward its fuller realization by forces stronger than ourselves, pushed toward our goal in spite of ourselves, our confusions, doubts and arguments.

The very beginning — page one torn from America's past — is a record of achievement beyond expectation: America's discovery. Columbus, as every school-boy knows, was seeking not a continent but a new route to the East.

In the face of dissension, predictions of disaster, sailors who lost faith and were close to mutiny — he persevered. Like many another after him, even down to today, Columbus did not understand fully the goals. Yet he could not turn back.

And what he accomplished—right there at the start of the dream—was far greater than he could have guessed. What he had found was no new trade route—but a New World.

Turn to another page, a century or so later—the saga of the Pilgrims. We like to think that those sturdy souls at Plymouth established here—once and for all time—the concept of free religious worship, according to the dictates of individual conscience.

Such was the case, in fact. But the Pilgrims themselves did not know it. Nor did the Massachusetts Bay Puritans. They had come here to follow their own way of worship. Other Faiths were out of bounds. Roger Williams, who founded Rhode Island Colony, was exiled from Massachusetts—because he held unorthodox views on Puritan worship.

The Pilgrim fathers had begun something greater than they knew. Their resolve to be free created greater freedom than they ever intended. In their own brave stand for their Faith, they had sown the seed of an idea—that it might be possible for all men to worship God, each in his own way—and none be wrong.

Twenty years later, Catholics fleeing oppression in England carried that concept a step further when they set up the Free State of Maryland — so-called because freedom of all Faiths was an integral part of the founding laws.

Step by step, these various and often conflicting Faiths crowded to our shores,

with us, the party has been led astray by the illusion of color. It has been tasted and proven that we feel closer to the American white man than to any foreign Negro. The differences between us and foreigners are deep and fundamental.

We are Americans, and so, a wing-footed people. We are confirmed in our springing impulses by the spirit that hovers this continent. The party is a Society of the Dead, soulless zombies, but even the living-dead have no place among the living people. They, and their way of life died on the plains of Asia centuries ago. May they now return to their graves and remain there in decent death.

THE END

Puritans and Huguenots in the north, Catholics in Maryland, Quakers in Pennsylvania, Baptists who had to flee New England for the South and Jews in all sections. Each in fighting for his own Faith played his role in establishing throughout America freedom for all Faiths.

Or go to a later page—to the story of the Revolution. And again we find achievement was far greater than many of that day were able to grasp.

Our patriots had pledged their lives and fortunes and sacred honor. But many even among our leaders had grave doubts of this notion of "republicanism"—of being able to rule themselves.

America was fighting for freedom—from England, from a nation three thousand miles away. Only the most far-seeing recognized through the smoke of battle that what was coming into being was more than a new nation—it was a new kind of government, a government of and by and for the people.

We were building—as we have always built—better than we knew.

Doubt and dissension were unseen delegates once more at the convention which wrote our new Constitution. Each state and section and city was worried for itself and its own interests.

Many were frightened at the powers they might have to surrender to Federal authority. Many were alarmed at the prospect of too much power in the hands of the majority. On numerous issues, bickering sounded almost as hopeless as debate in the U.N. today.

They came with grave doubts and misgivings, these delegates. But it was in the common interest of all to mold these several states into a nation.

Out of this common interest and immediate need, out of essential compromise to the welfare of all, came not merely a table of laws, but something far more magnificent—the greatest document of freedom in the history of man.

Still another page in the biography of freedom was tramped out by the men who trekked west. These men were adventurous souls to whom freedom was not any broad social issue. It was personal and immediate and as necessary as the air they breathed.

The pioneers who blazed the trails across America were not thinking in terms of building any new social order. Most of them were seeking their own

brand of unfettered freedom—for which they bore, with many a doubt and miving, the peril and sacrifice of the frontier.

Ask them what drove them on—and they would give you wrong answers. "Nation builders? Us?" The frontiersman would roar his derision. "We like it here. We like being free. Being our own boss. With nobody telling us what to do."

It was true also with the families who followed, men, women and children jogging over the trails in covered wagons, setting up homesteads and new communities where law and order took root in the soil of freedom.

They too were seeking individual freedom for themselves. And the price was high. Many of their diaries are full of complaints and despair. Danger and hardship rode with every wagon train setting out. Countless graves along the trails marked the toll taken in Indian raids.

But the pioneers kept on, in spite of the doubters and faint-hearted who cried out to turn back. They were no empire builders. They wanted a strip of good land to stake out for themselves. A strip of freedom—to do with as they pleased.

But out of the hardships they suffered for this individual hunger of freedom was to come the new West, expansion across the continent, growth of a nation—and of a way of life.

Another page was written—in blood—in the War Between the States. Millions on both sides were sick at heart in this conflict. If ever it appeared America had lost its way, and its dream, this was the hour.

Issues were confused and grew more so as hatred took hold. Soldiers in the front lines might have had trouble telling why they fought. Slavery, one might say. Secession. States Rights. Or only to lick the "Rebs"—or the "damn-Yankees"—and go home.

Historic meaning was obscured in the smoke of cannon. Lincoln understood, perhaps more than any other man. But his words at Gettysburg were overlooked, and his plea for peace without malice was jeered.

Only when bitterness began to die did we realize that more than the fate of a nation had been at stake, more than the issues of slavery and secession settled.

For at issue also had been the ideas on which the country had been built, the concept of liberty, of government of and by and for the people. North and South and all the world knew at last the most important meaning sealed at Gettysburg and Antietam and Appomattox: That this nation—these ideals—this American dream of freedom—could and would endure and grow. As always the truth was not generally seen until the troubles of the moment were past.

There is no such thing as "just fighting for survival" without also fighting for the survival of all we stand for.

In the last half of that century came the story of expanding industry and enterprise, of smokestacks and oil wells, of a nation threaded with new tracks and glittering wheels and roaring machines.

America was thriving and building. Millions of newcomers from tyranny-ridden lands threaded through the gates to work the new mills and factories. Many Americans were alarmed. This "cheap labor" would wreck the nation, they warned. These newcomers could not learn America's ways. They would tear down the glittering structure of freedom.

But the newcomers who came to our shores strengthened our land. These Poles and Germans and Swedes and Irish were new pioneers who took to their heart the American dream and made it their own. And their sons and grandsons would one day fight and die in our country's wars—defending the liberty some thought they would destroy.

We have always had with us—as these highlights reveal—our doubters and defeatists who cry that we have lost our way and must turn back before we tumble off the edge.

In World War I, they shouted that the Kaiser was invincible. Besides, they said, (Continued on page 63)

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7:45 A.M.

5.



7:50 A.M.

6.



8:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M.

7.



5:01 P.M.

8.



5:02 P.M.

9.



3:30 A.M.

(Continued from page 61)

what business is it of ours what happens over there. We're safe enough here. Let's stay put.

But America saw freedom threatened—and plunged in. Our forces turned the tide. And again, in our triumph, we did more than merely crush the enemy. For the lamp of liberty was carried into lands where before only tyranny was known. Czechoslovakia, Poland, Austria.

Despotism, however, dies hard. Its tentacles took new root in Russia with Lenin and Stalin. Later, in Germany, Hitler tried to out-distance these experts in torture and enslavement.

Again despite doubters we threw in our forces against the tide of fascism—and won. And again we wrought better than we knew. For out of that victory came a new dimension to the dream of freedom—the tremendous concept that aggression anywhere strikes at human liberty everywhere.

This is a new flowering of the great American dream. It means that we will support the growth of freedom everywhere. It means that we are once again blazing new paths—to world peace and law and order.

Those who will not fight for liberty—lose it. The Russians themselves had a

taste of freedom when Kerensky gained power. But Lenin's little gang "moved in" on that mild revolution, and the Russian people, unready to defend new-won freedoms, lost them under the heels and bayonets of the Bolsheviks.

Liberty and tyranny are both dynamic forces. If either lies down, the other takes over.

Many lack the vision to see this. Many are bewildered and confused. They demand we now give up our oldest goal, they insist our men in Korea have fought and died only for a worthless hunk of oriental mud. Many cry, "Turn back—or we will lose our way."

But we cannot turn back from the goal ahead, from the destiny of a land which builds as always before—not for conquest but for freedom. Today the great dream is challenged by the most ruthless force the world has ever seen. When we began against England in 1775 the world was full of tyrants. We, more than any other people, have by our action and our example cut them down. We must not now lose faith in what our forefathers began. Final victory—freedom for the whole world—may be within our grasp. If we lose faith we will most certainly lose that victory.

Last June we were forced once again

to choose between tyranny-with-peace and freedom-through-struggle—this time on a global scale. Immediately we made the same choice we have always made since our land was a savage wilderness. That choice has never failed us yet. We travel the road of freedom and liberty. There can never be a more ringing answer to those who ask, "What's in it for us?" Beyond all the hardships there is more "in it" for us and the world's millions of people than anyone now living can foresee. There always has been.

All of those who went before us were blazing the trail. Their destiny and ours remains the same. Like them, we may not understand fully the goals ahead. Like the Plymouth Pilgrims, some of us may not comprehend the seeds of freedom we sow.

But we must recognize one towering truth—that we still carry the flintlock of the pioneer, that we are moving forward, as our forebears did, along difficult, hazardous, uncharted paths.

We must pray God to guide us, to keep us still on the road. For in the struggle ahead we shall carry forward the star-spangled dream of freedom. We will be sharing that dream, helping to make it true not for ourselves alone, but for the weak and weary, the shackled and beaten, throughout our ravaged world. THE END

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EVENTUALLY

*I always listen to advice,
I'm quite sure that I need it,
And some day — if I live that long,
I'm certain that I'll heed it!*

— CATHERINE E. BERRY

BOY GENIUS

Nine-year-old Edna was just crazy about school, while her younger brother was considerably less enthusiastic. One day the little girl suggested that they play school. The lad absolutely refused to co-operate. However, when Edna threatened to tell their mother, the boy weakened a bit.

"Well, all right," he agreed grudgingly, "but let's play I'm absent."

— F. G. KERNAN

MARITAL NOTE

*Everything is love and kisses,
Till your girl becomes your Mrs.*

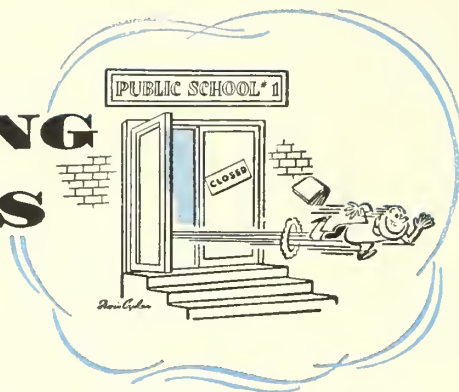
— FRANK ROSE

POTATOES — POTATOES — POTATOES

The editor of a small-town New England newspaper was having trouble in raising the circulation of his publication and at last hit upon a scheme. He started a contest by giving a year's subscription for the largest potato raised in his county.

Several weeks later a friend said: "Ben, did you boost your circulation any by that potato contest you're running?"

"Well, I don't know," grinned the editor in reply, "but I'm all set for the winter."



"What do you mean?" asked the puzzled friend.

"Well, I don't have to worry about potatoes," answered the editor. "Down in my basement I've got fifteen barrels of samples."

— DAN BENNETT

BRIDE

*He swung her lightly o'er the sill.
Now she housekeeps with a will.
And he's the god to whom she brings
Thrice daily her burnt offerings.*

— RICHARD F. ARMKNECHT

TWO AND TWO

After looking over the qualifications of more than fifty applicants for the position of industrial relations manager, the president of a manufacturing company narrowed down the number under consideration to three and arranged to interview them personally.

The man he wanted had to be tactful but honest. To each of the three applicants, then, he put this question: "Do you think I'm right in believing two and two make five?"

The first man said: "I think you're wrong."

The second man said: "I'm sure you

have an excellent reason for thinking so, sir."

The third man got the job.

He said: "Did you say you believe two and two make six?"

"No," the manufacturer answered. "I said five."

"Oh," said the third man, "that's more like it!"

— JOHN C. HANLEY

TO MY LATE WIFE

*These be your words
As you enter Perdition,
"Perhaps it would start
If you'd turn the ignition."*

— E. E. SHAFFER



"Your application for O.C.S. has been approved. But you're still ours 'til tomorrow!"

WESTERN ETIQUETTE

A man traveling in the heart of Texas found himself in conversation with a Texas cowboy. The Texan confessed that he was 87 years old, whereupon the traveler said:

"Tell me, to what do you attribute your remarkable longevity?"

The Texan thought for a moment and then he spoke gravely.

"Well," he replied, "I never stole a horse and I never called a man a liar to his face."

— BILL ODORNE

IDEA FOR TAX DEDUCTIONS

A budget is a record of how you spent your money.

— A. A. LATTIMER

GREEN THUMB

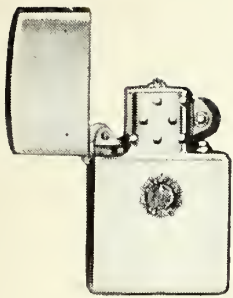
The city man had purchased a home in a small community. One day as he browsed about his yard, he found the bodies of two baby birds that had fallen from a nest. He proceeded to bury them in the garden under the critical gaze of his neighbor's five-year-old son. When he had finished, the youngster looked at him strangely.

"What a dopey thing to do!" the boy said scornfully. "They won't grow."

— FRANCIS GERARD



"I said bridge, Edward."



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PLASTIC CAP COVER

L1275/CC—Heavy-weight, top quality plastic cover. Full length zipper. Each

\$0.50

12 or more..... **\$5.00** per dozen



OFFICIAL SHIRTS AND TIES

L756—Blue Shirt.....Each..... **\$5.40**

L755—White Shirt.....Each..... **\$5.20**

Perfectly styled and made to exacting specifications. Thoroughly pre-shrunk and guaranteed fast to washing, sun and perspiration. Sizes from 13½ to 18. All standard sleeve lengths. Specify neck and sleeve sizes.

L750—Blue Tie.....Each..... **\$1.10**

L751—Gold Tie.....Each..... **1.10**

Ties are of Legion Blue or Legion Gold. 100% all-wool, full length, with 1¼ inch silk embroidered emblem applied on tie.



STYLE 2 LETTERING

L1275/D2—DeLux Quality—Post numerals on right-hand side and name of city in full with state name abbreviated on left beneath emblem. Extra fine quality lining and wide, genuine sweat band.

\$4.10

L1275/S2—Standard—Same as DeLux quality except furnished without lining and less expensive sweat band.

\$3.80



T-RIM T SHIRT

L790—Top quality white cotton Legion T-shirt with fast color blue neck trim. "AMERICAN LEGION and EMBLEM" processed in blue on front. Sizes: small, medium and large. When ordering be sure to specify size. Immediate shipment.

Single shirts..... **\$ 1.10**

Per dozen..... **12.50**



ZELAN JACKET

L810—Oyster color (cream) light weight, water and moisture repellent. Legion insignia processed on left front. Excellent for year-round. Sizes: small (36), medium (38-40), large (42-46), and extra large (46-48). Each..... **\$5.95**



LEGION TIE CHAIN

LN937—Unusual value. For gifts, personal use or membership awards. Gold plated. Midget American Legion emblem soldered on center plate.

\$1.80

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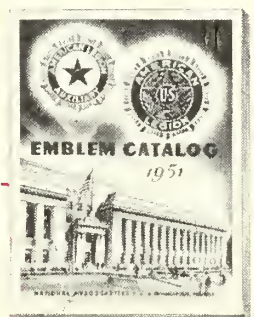
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FRAN WARREN, radio songstress: "As a singer, I welcome Camel mildness. And Camels are such fun to smoke!"



"MY OWN 30-Day Test gave me a new pitch on cigarettes," says ace pitcher **Jim Koustanty**. "Camels hit the spot!"



STYLIST Elaine Bassett: "Ever since I made my own 30-Day test, Camels are my favorite! They're so mild!"



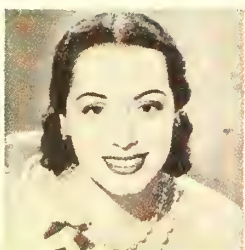
PETER LIND HAYES, comedian, says: "Camels smoke cool and mild—they're just right for my throat. What flavor!"



NADINE CONNER, opera star: "My own 30-Day Camel Mildness Test proved how much fun smoking can be!"



VAUGHN MONROE, band leader, says: "I enjoy every puff of a Camel! Camels taste great—and they're mild!"



TELEVISION STAR Marguerite Piazza agrees: "As a singer, I enjoy Camel mildness—and Camels taste grand!"



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More people smoke Camels

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Make the
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MILDNESS
Test—
See why!

● No other cigarette can match Camel's rich, full flavor! And no other cigarette can offer you this *proof* of mildness:

In a coast-to-coast test of hundreds of men and women who smoked only Camels for 30 days, noted throat specialists, making weekly examinations, reported—not one single case of throat irritation due to smoking Camels!

Smoke Camels yourself for 30 days. Compare Camel's choice tobaccos for flavor *and* mildness... in your "T-Zone" (T for Throat, T for Taste). You'll see why so many smokers say...

ONCE A CAMEL SMOKER, ALWAYS A CAMEL SMOKER!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.



JOHN WAYNE, movie hero, says: "I found the cigarette I could enjoy as a steady smoke—Camels! They're mild!"



KYLE MacDONNELL, television star, says: "Yes. I made my own 30-Day Camel Mildness Test. It was fun! Camels for me!"



OPERA STAR Robert Merrill: "The cigarette I smoke must agree with my throat. Camels are really mild!"



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"I'M A SINGER and my throat comes first! I picked Camels as my steady smoke!" **Anne Jeffreys**, stage star.